The Outlook

Volume 138 September 17, 1924 Number 3

Maine's Bent

MAINE, as usual and despite an unusual campaign, is Republican. Nowhere down the line of the ticket did a Democrat win. William R. Pattangall, Democratic candidate for Governor and the leading figure in one of the hottest political fights the State has ever known, was defeated by Ralph O. Brewster, Republican, by a majority which, early returns indicate, is above 30,000. United States Senator Fernald won re-election by an even larger majority.

The real contest—the one that the Democrats had hope of winning and that the Republicans sometimes had fears of losing—was that for the Governorship. So far as the Democratic candidate could accomplish it, the Ku Klux Klan was made the dominant issue. Pattangall denounced the Klan without stint of words. He and his associates on the Democratic ticket announced that they would prefer defeat to election by the aid of Klan votes. Brewster, and Republicans generally, denied that the Klan was the issue. The general issues applied, they said, and a victory for the Republican State ticket meant a victory for Coolidge.

In such a situation it may be accepted as certain that practically the entire Klan vote was cast for Brewster, not necessarily that he sought it but that his opponent antagonized it by every possible means. It does not at all follow that the entire anti-Klan vote was cast for Pattangall. Indications are that the bulk of the citizenship of Maine refused to permit the eclipse of other issues by the Klan and voted their political convictions just as they would have done had the Klan been no part of the issue.

The victory of Brewster is not in any sense a Klan victory. It is a straight victory for the Republican Party, and the Klan did not succeed in making any considerable show of strength. In spite of the Klan support, Brewster ran behind his ticket. While the total vote was heavier by about 50,000 than it was two years ago, Brewster's majority was a bare thousand or so larger than that of the Republican candidate in 1922. It was less than half the Republican majority of 1920. All of these facts indicate that there are more voters in Maine who pushed all other issues aside to vote against the Klan than there are of voters who did the same thing to vote in favor of the Klan.

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Seymour Parker Gilbert, former U. S. Under Secretary of the Treasury, appointed Agent-General for Reparations under the Dawes Plan

While the Democrats within the State waged the most vigorous campaign possible, the National Democratic organization did not bring as much outside pressure to bear upon Maine as did the National Republican organization. The only Democratic speaker of note from without the State was Senator Underwood, and he was paying a personal debt of gratitude to Mr. Pattangall for assistance to the Underwood Presidential aspiration and the Underwood anti-Klan campaign in the Democratic National Convention. Republican speakers from other States were numerous, including General Dawes, the candidate for Vice-President, Speaker Gillett of the National House of Representatives, Senators Watson and Willis, and some prominent Republican women.

The Klan can extract small essence of comfort from the result. The Republicans carried Maine by something near a normal majority despite the Klan, decidedly not because of Klan help.

A Youthful Agent-General

THE announcement is made that Mr. Young's successor, some time hence, as Agent-General for Reparations is to be Mr. Seymour Parker Gilbert, of Bloomfield, New Jersey. This announcement causes universal surprise. It seems incredible that a position on which the fate of nations depends should come to a young man only thirty-one years old.

The event is indeed amazing, until one reflects that Mr. Gilbert has already performed services in the Treasury Department at Washington during the Wilson and Harding administrations, services which have won the respect and admiration of four Secretaries of the Treasury. Mr. Gilbert rose to the position of Under-Secretary of the Treasury, and at the age of twenty-eight years found himself second only to Secretary Mellon.

But Mr. Gilbert's has been a special work, and this fits him for the special job which the Agent-General for Reparations must undertake. He has been in close touch with the war-loan service. He knows just how our Government lent money to foreign governments during the war. After it he kept an intimate hold on all our governmental relations with the finances of other countries, particularly of course with regard to the famous funding of the British debt to America. Thus, in its sum, the work of the Reparation Commission became familiar to him.

Every one will hope that the head of the huge job now to be undertaken will carry the Dawes Plan well along towards complete success.

Uncle Sam Turns an Honest Penny

UNCLE SAM is not always a poor business man. He recently closed out a little marine insurance business with $17,000,000 of clear profit on ten years of Government operation—and that on "risks" which no other insurance com-

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pany would accept. Losses were paid amounting to $29,497,000. The original capital—an appropriation of $50,000,000 made by Congress to carry on the business—remains intact in the Treasury. After engaging in a useful and necessary business for ten years, the Government has $67,000,000 instead of $50,000,000.

This Government insurance company was the Division of Marine and Seaman's Insurance. For some years it operated as a part of the Treasury. Later it became a division of the Veterans' Bureau by inclusion in that organization of all war risk insurance work. The purpose for which the Division was created was to insure American merchant vessels and their cargoes against the hazards of war. Later it insured masters, officers, and crews of American vessels against loss of life or injury from risks of war and against detention after capture. Altogether it wrote $2,000,000,000 of insurance.

The Division of Marine and Seaman's Insurance paid for the loss of the William P. Frye, the first vessel of American registry sunk by the Germans; for the Campana, which surrendered to the Germans after a gallant fight of four hours; for the Morini, whose captain, as the ship went down, was congratulated for his fighting spirit by the captain of the submarine that sank him; for the Argonaut; for the John D. Archbold. Indeed, the records of the Division of Marine and Seaman's Insurance are full of thrilling narratives of the sea when the mad dogs of the deep ran wild. To those records of a defunct Government business there may go seeking inspiration the future Coopers and Maryatts and Conrads—and the future Masefields, too.

Making Bootlegging Easy

In so far as a committee of Congress can determine the facts, we know now why the prohibition law is regularly and commonly violated in the District of Columbia. Reasoning from this exceptional instance to a conclusion applicable to the whole country is, of course, not safe, but there is room for a shrewd suspicion that similar causes exist in many other cities, if not over the entire country.

The investigators—a sub-committee of the House Committee on the District of Columbia—find that the principal reason for general violation of the prohibition law in the District of Columbia is that the courts do not impose adequate penalties. The average fine during 1923 was $79.43. At that rate, a bootlegger can submit to half a dozen fines during the year and continue to do a liquor business at less expense than if he paid for a license at the rate in force before prohibition became law. Frequently no fine at all is imposed. Persons arrested are released upon deposit of a small collateral. They never appear for trial, forfeit the collateral, and go about their illicit business undismayed.

Besides the failure to impose fines of deterrent size, the courts, says the committee, have failed to use the other weapons provided by the law. Injunction proceedings and conspiracy charges, the most effective instruments against bootleggers, have not been used except in rare cases. In short, the committee indicts the courts with failure to use the powers at their command in an effort to enforce the law.

Still, the committee recommends that new and more powerful weapons be forged and placed in the arsenal of the courts. It should be made a felony, says the report, to equip an automobile with a smoke-screen or to carry arms while engaged in making, moving, or selling liquor. The District police should be given the power to execute search-warrants more fully. A mandatory jail sentence for selling liquor should be written into the law. Buyers as well as sellers should be prosecuted. The Department of Justice should see to it that district attorneys and district judges apply the penalties provided. Lax control of so-called diplomatic liquor is called to the attention of the Secretary of State and the Secretary of the Treasury.

The Anti-Saloon League has written approval upon this report. "The District committee," says the official spokesman of the League, "has diagnosed the weakness in prohibition enforcement and has prescribed the remedies which should be applied." There is one remedy which neither the report nor the League mentions—that is the need of bringing enforcement agents under the civil service law. The League in the past has been rather remiss in its failure to urge this measure.

Take the Credit and Let the Cash Come

"Wherever a credit union has found a foothold . . . it has stamped out usury and raised human souls from the depths of despair to lives of helpfulness and service."

That is a strong testimonial, but it is written by one of the foremost American authorities on the subject and appears to have genuine foundation in fact. So quietly that it was rarely heard until after it was felt, the credit union has established itself in the United States. Many of the credit unions are in agricultural communities. Others have their membership entirely within industrial plants, stores, and business houses of other kinds. Some are in clubs, some in lodges of fraternal organizations. Modest little banks with no pretentious buildings to boast of or bother about, credit unions spring up anywhere that the need is felt. They are not rivals of ordinary banks, but aids and allies. They do the petty, detailed work of encouraging savings, work so minute that a regular bank could hardly undertake it, and many small savings which ordinarily would have been squandered are deposited in regular banks to the collective account of the credit union.

But the credit union system does not owe its success alone to the encouragement of savings. The unions are people's banks. The man whose balance is so modest as to constitute no commercial credit whatever goes to the credit union and borrows the money he needs without security, simply on his character and the good word of his friends. Mr. Arthur H. Ham, whom we quote above, is authority also for the statement that scarcely an instance can be found where a man has failed to "make good" upon this basis.

Then, too, the credit union is more flexible than the commercial bank can be. The man who goes to work before the banks open and stops work after the banks close is served by the credit union. In some rural communities the credit union man is up at two o'clock in the morning to accommodate farmers on their way to market. In short, the credit union conducts a banking business on the basis of neighborliness and Mr. Ham sees in it "one of the most potent moral, educational, and social forces in the enrichment of the life of the common people."

The Paper Problem

Last week, at the meeting of American Foresters at Peterboro, New Hampshire, Mr. Charles Lathrop Pack, the well-known forestry expert, called attention to the fact that our paper requirements have nearly quadrupled since 1889 and now exceed 8,000,000 tons a year. Nor is that all. We now draw from our

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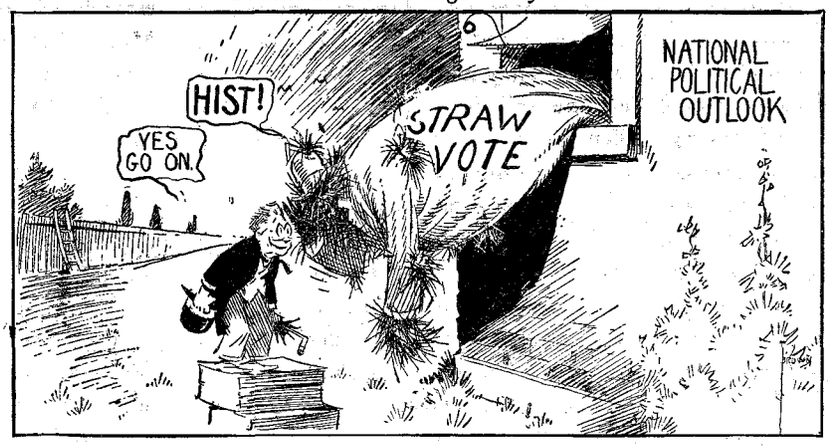
I ask your voices, and your suffrages

(Titus Andronicus, Act I, Scene 2)

Brown in the Chicago Daily News



The straw vote season is here

From Charles R. Bruce, Van Cleve, Iowa

Sykes in the Kansas City Star

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Something lacking

From Dr. Bertram Johnson, Eureka, Kansas

From the Akron (Ohio) Beacon Journal

Just what progress could we make if the anchor weren't dragging?

From Mrs. R. J. Warrick, Akron, Ohio

Brown in the Chicago Daily News

A chance for deliberation

From W. G. Brown, Evanston, Illinois

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own forests less than half our raw material for paper, whereas six years ago our own forests supplied 83 per cent.

Paper consumption in the United States amounts to over half of that of the entire world. The opinion of Mr. Herbert A. Smith, Assistant Forester in the United States Forest Service, is that this may reflect our higher standards of living and extensive use of printed information; at all events, as he adds, about 31 per cent of our total consumption is newsprint. Yet the supplies of raw material available in the immediate future in the Northeast and Lake States (where the paper industry, and especially the newsprint production, are chiefly concentrated) are lamentably deficient.

The question arises, therefore, How can the impending crisis be met with least sacrifice? In other words, How can supplies of wood be produced sufficient to support an American paper industry that will keep pace with our National growth?

The main thing to do is to increase our forest area. We must have more publicly owned forest land and we must have more of a pulp-wood area on such lands. The same is true as to private holdings. Then both public and private owners must co-operate to extend and improve protection against fire, insects, and disease. The problem of forest taxation must be solved in the only way possible —by regarding the production of wood as a twenty or thirty year crop. By new pulping processes we must increase the number of tree species available for pulp.

International

"Senators" calling on President Coolidge at Washington to celebrate their winning streak. The President has autographed a baseball for Walter Johnson, who holds it in his hand

The Fans Sit Up and Take Notice

At this time of year as a rule it is pretty safe to predict which of the clubs of the two major leagues will be contenders for the World Championship. This year it is different. Neither of the two pennant winners of last year, the Giants and the Yankees, has anything like a certainty of winning. Indeed, in the American League the Senators of Washington are leading the Yankees, as we write, by fifteen points in the percentage column, while in the National League the Robins of Brooklyn, after hanging for a long while in third or fourth place, have taken what seems to be a firm hold of second place and are only a few points behind the Giants. There are about twenty more games for each of the teams to play before the leadership in the two leagues is decided. This situation is exciting to all baseball fans, and it is also productive of larger receipts at the box offices when any of the leading clubs play together. Thus, the other day in Brooklyn, after the Robins had beaten the Giants more than once, an enormous crowd not only filled the stands to overflowing, but were with difficulty kept off the field, while the newspapers printed pictures of scores of enthusiasts climbing over the high fences.

A strong feeling exists, amounting to local non-partisanship, that it would be a fine thing if the Senators of Washington should win their pennant this year. Even New Yorkers, a little blasé, perhaps, in having both the contending clubs for the World Championship in their own home town, are often heard to express just that hope. One reason for it is personal liking for the veteran pitcher of the Washingtons, Walter Johnson. There is something of the same feeling for him as there was in the old days for "Matty." There is no finer pitcher in either league than Johnson; he has been pitching for eighteen years and never yet, we believe, has played in the World Championship series. Our picture shows Johnson with his widest smile talking with President Coolidge, who seems equally pleased, just after the Washingtons won a critical game at the capital. A duel between the Washington team and the Giants would probably be a greater attraction even in New York City than a repetition of last year's contest between the Giants and the Yankees. It is not at all outside of probability that the contest may be between the Washington and Brooklyn teams.

Canada Likes Our Immigration Law

In the past Canada has often been inclined to feel that her economic interests were at variance with those of the United States. It is all the more agreeable, therefore, to learn that she approves and welcomes our new immigration law. This is not so much because the quota provision, by decreasing the immigration from abroad to the United States, is likely to increase that to Canada, as because the new law will be of benefit to the Dominion by making it less easy for emigrants to Canada to come across the line to this country. There is a clause in our law which requires residence of ten years in Canada on the part of an emigrant into that country before he can be entitled as a full-fledged Canadian citizen to cross the line and take up permanent residence in the United States. A correspondent of The Outlook in Canada assures us that this is likely to prevent hasty change of country on the part of such emigrants, who for the greater part in that ten years will have become established in Canada and quite likely to

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remain there. Before the new law was passed a Canadian was defined by our authorities as any one coming from Canada who had resided a year there. There is nothing in the situation which tends to decrease the previous number of emigrants from the United States to Canada.

Canada has always regretted the too easy flow of settlers from its side of the border to ours. It notes with pleasure that the number of Canadians who have first emigrated to the United States and later have returned to Canada has of late increased. Thus, in April and May of this year nearly nine thousand Canadians have recrossed the border in this way. None were included who had lived in the United States for less than six months. Canada benefits in another way from our new law because its shipping and port activity have been increased. Several lines of vessels crossing the Atlantic have lately inaugurated service to Canada.

Our correspondent says: "Altogether there seems not the slightest doubt that Canada will benefit substantially and in many ways from the new immigration legislation. Practically the United States is forcing European immigrants to go to Canada and ensuring that they stay there long enough to give the country a thorough trial. If the United States ever receives them it will be as fully trained citizens assimilated to the ways of the continent and imbued with its ideals. Since the outbreak of the war the United States has poured of her surplus wealth into the Dominion at a lavish rate, and this she is now supplementing with manpower—if not her own citizens, at least those who might have been."

China's Reminder

THE crisis in China is the Celestial Republic's way of reminding the Western world that there are also problems of reconstruction in the Far East.

The struggle for the control of Shanghai, the New York of China, could not be better chosen to accomplish this end. Year after year in the perennial battle for self-aggrandizement characterizing the "civil war" in Cathay, the commercial interests of the West have been more and more jeopardized. The "interior" trade, upon which the economic promise of China rests, has become more and more difficult to expand. This commercial metropolis of China, the gateway of international trade, under siege dramatizes all of the difficulties under which 400,000,000 people in the East are living during this period of national transition.

The immediate struggle centers about the efforts of General Lu Yung-hsiang, "tuchun" or military governor of Chekiang Province, to prevent General Chi Shien-yuan, controlling Kiangsu, from returning the Shanghai district to Peking's allegiance. Since 1919 this key to the Yangtze delta has been under control of the master of Chekiang. It has meant a wealthy community back of Tuchun Lu. Apart from business, it is a political center of outstanding importance; beaten Chinese politicians, under the ægis of exterritoriality, retire to the Foreign Settlement to plot anew. Behind it the Pootung flows to the sea at the estuary of the Yangtze; the Woosung Forts guard China's cable communication, as well as trade, with the world. Then strategically there are naval and military arsenals—the Kiangnan dockyard beside the native city and the Woosung base.

The control of this by Tuchun Lu has been a thorn in the side of Peking ever since the Anfu leaders were turned out of China's capital. The military governor of Chekiang is one of the few remaining Anfuites wielding power in China's military politics. The neighboring provinces of Fukhien, Kiangsi, Anwhei, and Kiangsu have been restive over the "neutrality" characterizing the attitude of Tuchun Lu; they are allied with Wu Pei-fu and his patron-president in Peking.

The Voice of Peking

ALTHOUGH Peking denied having set in motion the Kiangsu forces now attacking the military governor of Chekiang, the Yangtze River struggle is the beginning of a new general bid for the mastery of China. Behind the battle for Shanghai is the breakdown of the truce between Wu Pei-fu, master of North China from the Yangtze to Mongolia, and Chang Tso-lin, the dictator of the three Manchurian provinces. This marks the second attempt of the Tuchun of Manchuria to get Wu Pei-fu and the Chihli Party between northern and southern pincers, the combination with Sun Yat-sen two years ago failing with the rout of Chang in his descent on Peking.

More significant, however, than either foreign trade or domestic politics is the revelation of international bad faith. Were it not for the arms traffic continuing in defiance of solemn undertakings entered into at the Washington Conference, much of these military maneuvers would be impossible. It is melancholy satisfaction to note that the United States and Great Britain are the nations least offending in this respect against the letter and the spirit of the Far Eastern treaties.

If the outcome of the battle for Shanghai, even with the costs of a wider conflict discounted, could lead toward China's stabilization, much would be forgiven the leaders of hapless Cathay in their insensate fight for personal power. A change in masters seems the most in sight. If foreign interests suffer more severely, the blundering policy of the Powers is chiefly responsible for trade losses and business upsets. The commercial greed of the last half century has done its part in making China the world problem which she is to-day in spite of Washington Conferences and Pacific pacts.

The Sky Men Come Home

THEY are young men, these American Magellans of the air. In youth they have reached the pinnacle of achievement. It is difficult to imagine what the remainder of their lives can hold to keep existence from being dramatically one long anticlimax. They drink now their fill of glory. Theirs is the crowded hour that is worth an age without a name. Governments and sovereigns and princes and potentates and peoples have united to render them the tribute they have earned. And if there has been one thing more notable than the rest through all of this arriving, it is this: the aviators have remained everlastingly on the job.

At Mitchel Field this prepossession of theirs was very impressive. With the perfect skill of migratory fowl they flew up out of the western horizon, droning along in a wedge so close together that their wings seemed touching. One by one, with calm certainty, each dropped out of the air and reached his appointed station before the grand stand marked on white canvas. The crowd broke the lines of police and soldiers and surged around them. Their one thought was for their planes. "Keep 'em back!" said Lieutenant Smith, in response to a babel of welcoming cries. Through the press they

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made their way to the stand unperturbed. Smith wore a brown sweater stained with black grease-marks; his mechanician, Arnold, was in grimy overalls, just as he stepped out of the after cock-pit of the "New Orleans." Nelson, prematurely gray, wore a gray sweater prematurely old. Harding had on his army O. D. shirt. Wade, pilot of Boston II, was in full uniform. All were bare-headed, their hair tousled by the fresh breeze that blew over the field. Not one of them was thinking about his appearance, and the crowd forgot the rest in looking at their faces. Accomplishment was written all over them. The band played. Speeches were bawled in their faces and the face of the microphone. Society craned its necks and smiled and applauded while the society reporters took down its names and inventoried the clothes it wore. Senators and millionaires and generals and admirals saluted them. They were presented to the Prince of Wales. And through all of this adulation and focused attention those six young men moved always calmly. Somehow they made the Prince look unimportant—he of the earth and polo and dancing, earthy; they of the skies of all the world. What they had done was too big for mere celebration to do justice to it. Senatorial platitudes fell flat upon their ears. Facing the west, heads up, they gazed level-eyed into the sunlight that made the reception committee and the British Ambassador squint. It was as though, indeed, they had come down to earth, but trailing clouds of the regions whence they came.

As soon as possible they were back in their planes, scattering the crowds with squalls from their whirling propellers as they taxied away to the hangar. Smith was the first into his overalls as he climbed, electric torch in hand, on the fuselage to inspect his engine. Reporters, friends, important personages and cranks had to wait until the work was done. They had no "stories" to tell. All that Nelson had to say in response to hails from old pals, as he patted the bird-machine that had carried him safe home again from "beyond the limits of the world," was: "Well, the old Douglas did it after all!"

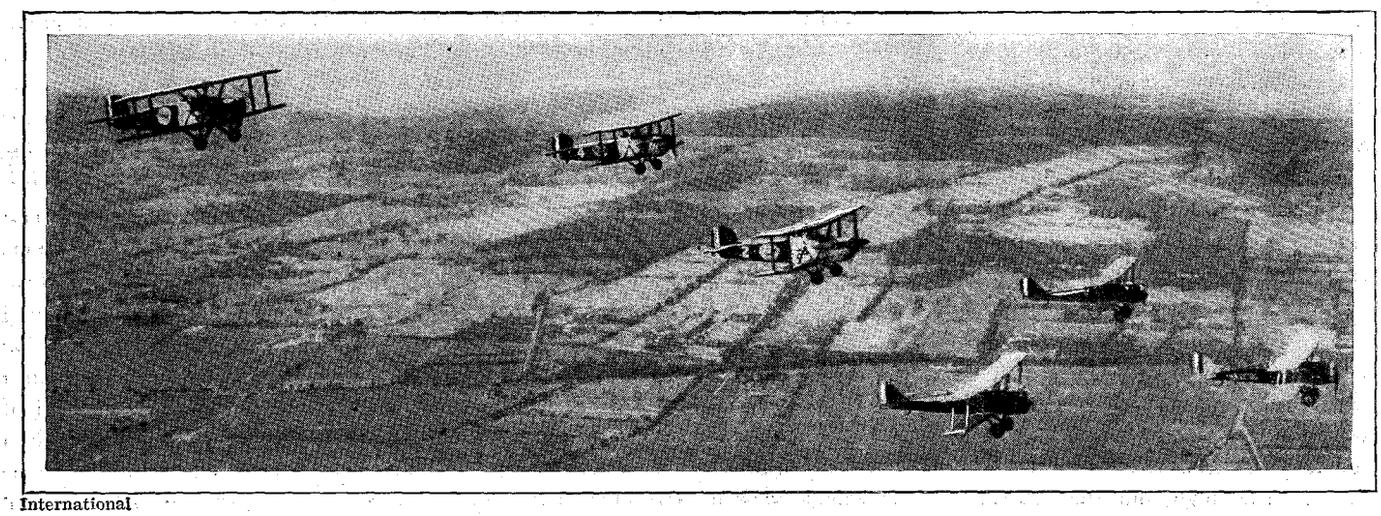
In their pride over the performance of these men, let America remember the character of its doing. Nothing could have been more creditable, more becoming. In Tokyo, where they met their first great reception, they bore themselves in the same way. With appreciative patience they underwent the programme arranged for them, and then, with almost audible sighs of relief, back they went into their overalls where their planes lay moored off the bleak shores of Kasumigaura. Round the world they have carried with them this sense of dedication. They haven't celebrated. In their eyes remained the far-away look. People spoke of this in Shanghai, in Constantinople, in the Hebrides. There were no sights for them so great as the sight of continents under their feet. They gave themselves to this great adventure wholly; there was nothing left for ceremonies and the trappings of life. In their great achievement, as they line up in the imperishable record with the great captains of adventure in the past—with Columbus and Magellan and Hawkins and Raleigh and the rest, "famous, calm, and dead"—let this also be recorded while they are supremely alive; that, famous and yet calm, they stayed on the job.

Labor and the Candidates

THE three principal candidates for the Presidency made addresses on Labor Day. Naturally the workingman may turn from one to another of these speeches to find what each contains of special promise or message for him.

The Democratic candidate, Mr. Davis, undoubtedly did take at least two steps in advance of the party platform in his claim to the support of labor in preference to the La Follette candidacy advocated by official labor leaders. He was outspoken in favor of the Child Labor Amendment now pending for ratification. He said: "It is a blot on our good name that child labor should be permitted anywhere in the United States." He pronounced also against the alleged abuses of the injunction in labor disputes, asserting that thereby it has been sought "to deprive men of a lawful exercise of indubitable rights." As to the Railroad Labor Board, he distrusts the plan of a permanent body and therefore declared that "we should rewrite those provisions of the Esch-Cummins Transportation Act that deal with the settlement of labor disputes." All this is specific and to the point. Among workmen it will help the Democratic as against the third-party candidate.

On the other hand, Mr. La Follette had little to say about specific and immediate ways of helping the labor element. His proposal to have Congress replace the Supreme Court as interpreter of the Constitution, his charge that government by monopoly has supplanted government by the people, his assertion that the coal, oil, sugar, and banking corporations are such monopolies, or his



International

The home-coming of the planes—a photograph taken by an accompanying plane as the world fliers, escorted by other aviators, flew over Long Island on their way to Mineola

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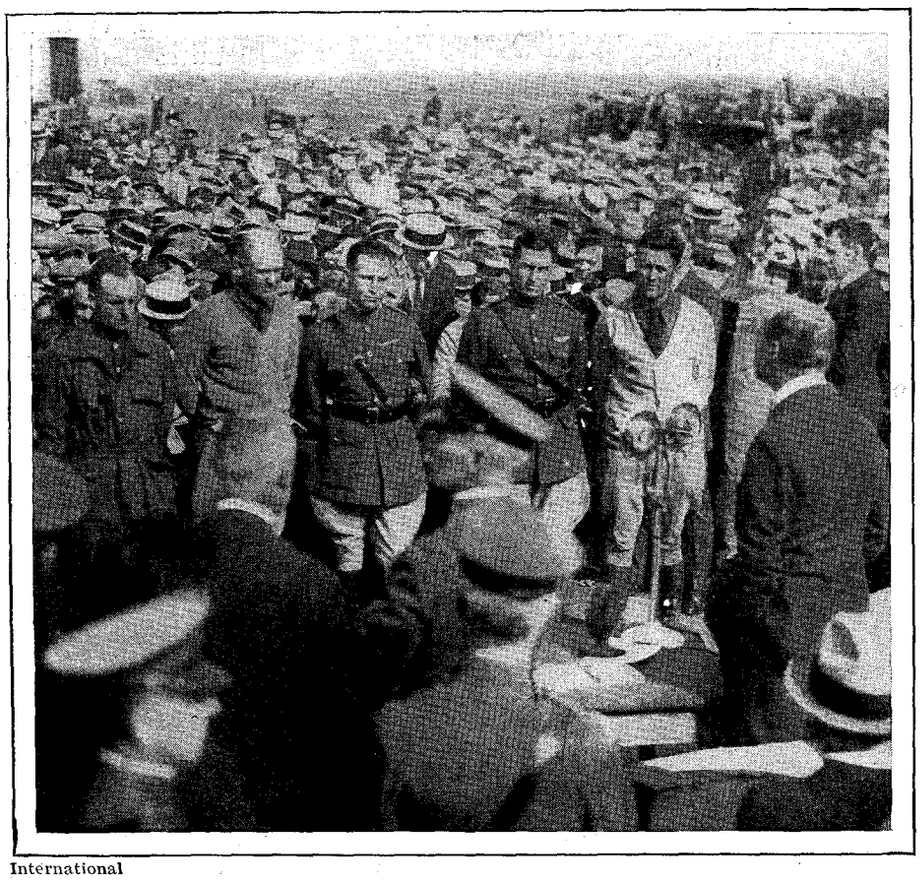

International

The world fliers, at Mineola on their return, received by Senator Wadsworth on behalf of New York State

declamatory phrase, "The Dawes plan is the Morgan plan," do not come under the head of constructive talk. Instead of saying, "Let us do so and so," he said in effect, "Away with the enemies of the people!" And what was specific (such as his attack on the Esch-Cummins law and the present tariff law) was not new or greatly different from the Democratic programme.

President Coolidge gave a talk on the same day to a large deputation of labor leaders at the White House—men, their introducer said, who all carry union cards, adding, "Industrially they follow their chosen leaders, but politically they follow no man and no group of men. As citizens they own the right to cast their own vote."

To these workers the President quietly pointed out that this country is prosperous and that the workingman is prosperous and that it was his ambition to help continue that state of affairs. We find, he said, "American wage-earners living better than at any other time in our history." And he surprised some of his hearers by giving facts and figures to sustain his contention that "the cost of living has been high, but the increase in wages has been greater. . . . The high point (in cost of living) was reached in 1920, and is now only 69 per cent above the level of 1913." Moreover, "American wage-earners are now receiving more money and more of the things that money will buy than any other wage-earners in the world."

The workmen's condition as thus defined by the President is certainly not one to call for desperate or reckless economic measures. Therefore he does not "favor a corporation Government, a bank Government, a farm Government, or a labor Government." He wants "to see jobs hunting men instead of men hunting jobs," voluntary arbitration, the continuance of American standards, protection that helps labor as well as capital, the abolition of child labor, institutions more and more humane. In short, he holds that America is doing excellently and he wants it, in the Scriptural phrase, to "continue in well-doing."

The workingman who reads the Labor Day speeches of President Coolidge and Mr. Davis will find no ground to believe that industrial conditions are in desperation and chaos or that workmen as a whole are oppressed. If he must have a pessimistic view he will have to turn to La Follette's speech, and after reading that address, if he is keen-witted, he will feel like asking for what the lawyers call a bill of particulars.

A Clean Sportsman's Last Race

At last, Edward Geers has gone home to stay—home to sleep in the little family cemetery beside the Lebanon and Nashville road where he learned to drive, home forever beneath the smooth blue grass that made his greatness by nurturing the great horses he drove in his youth.

But the old breeders who so long looked for his coming had ceased to wait. "Big Bill" Donnell, Major Golston and Captain Harper, Motley of Double Spring and Price of Clover Bottom—names now on tombstones in other little cemeteries. Even the industry—the profession, or, more truly, the art—of breeding harness horses is gone from the land of the old reinsman's birth. Jersey cows troop in to be milked beneath the mossy stable roofs where strings of racers used to stand. The old driving track by Cole's Ferry Pike is a cornfield now. The harness horse is fallen from the high tide of his glory, not alone on the pasture lands at home but on all the tracks of the Grand Circuit where for half a century Geers was a hero. He, dauntless old driver, was the last of an order of things surpassingly great in its generation.

When Edward Geers took up the reins, the harness horse furnished the fastest transportation known for ordinary distances. The automobile then had hardly become a fanatic's dream. The sire and dam of the first two-minute horse were still unborn. The development of faster and ever faster road horses was a service to humanity, a contribution to progress. The road horse industry recruited its studs from the driving turf.

To the work of furnishing worthy recruits Edward Geers gave the years of his long life. Probably, in the heat of a race, he was no more conscious of this purpose than the world-round fliers are conscious now of utilitarian service in their contest. But, regardless of that, he never counted his own life of any worth against the chance of clipping half a second from a horse's trotting time. In the record of all his fifty-odd years on the circuit a season could hardly be found when he was not hurt. Twice before the fatal accident he was so battered that his life

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(C) Underwood

Edward Geers, a great driver of great horses

was despaired of. But the old man always came back, a little more bent of figure, an added limp in his gait, still the same wizard in a sulky seat.

How Geers got his marvelous results no man will ever know, exactly. In a hot race drivers plead with their horses, or heap imprecations upon them. On a sulky with the reins in his hands Geers never spoke—"the Silent Man from Tennessee" through all his triumphs. Nor did he, except with a vicious brute, ever use the whip. Genius, it must be, is the secret of the great driver as of the great poet or the great painter.

Geers used to say of Star Pointer, one of the earliest two-minute horses, "He has a double heart in him—he'll die on his feet." The prediction did not quite come true. Star Pointer died on his knees. In the latter years, when Geers had so long refused to retire, followers of harness racing said, "The Old Man will die on the track." That prediction came literally true. Seventy-three years old, battered and bent, he had outgeneraled the drivers in a great race and was bringing his mare into first place when she stumbled, throwing him to his death.

It is doubtful if any sportsman or athlete has equaled the purely physical record of Edward Geers. For more than fifty years he was constantly in training, always in as perfect trim as a boxer ready for the ring. He mastered himself with monk-like austerity in order to give all that was in him to the sport he loved. Morally he kept himself clear of all suspicion of obliquity through half a century in a sport that has not been without scandal.

America can afford to remember Edward Geers with a measure of high respect. His native blue-grass land may well receive him back to her bosom as one among the great of her sons.

Mr. MacDonald at Geneva

RAMSAY MACDONALD'S salient qualities have rarely been better exhibited than in his recent address to the Assembly of the League of Nations at Geneva. One hearer describes Mr. MacDonald's manner as full of "unctuous dignity." It might seem hard to be both unctuous and dignified at the same time. If any one could play the dual rôle, Ramsay MacDonald might possibly be that man. In truth, Mr. MacDonald's manner is often puzzling enough to lead a hearer to some such combination of words as is indicated above. His manner is not only puzzling but really fascinating, quite apart from whether the hearer agrees with him or differs from him in the opinions expressed. It is just this quality of fascination which charmed the auditors, filling every part of the great Salle de la Réformation, where the Assembly meets. Never, we read, had the hall held so many people and never was there greater applause.

The applause was doubtless given to the ingenious and resourceful orator rather than to the words he uttered. Certainly, when we come to examine them, it would seem as if the British Premier had come dangerously close to a false move with regard to any permanent solution of the problem of how to maintain peace. Mr. MacDonald laid great stress, for instance, on arbitration, but in so doing dealt a blow to any speedy act looking toward either security or arms-limitation under the auspices of the League of Nations. His conditions for negotiation were as follows:

1. Germany and Soviet Russia must participate in the League discussions as full members.
2. Great Britain cannot subscribe to security agreements so long as existing military conventions on the Continent remain in force.
3. The small nations, depending on military alliances for security, should know that, instead, these alliances are but breeders of future wars.
4. Some arbitral body must observe any approaching war-cloud and blow it out of existence.
5. Nothing will bring world-peace except arbitration.

It will be at once seen that the above points are not agreeable to some of the members of the League of Nations, particularly to France. For example, many Frenchmen do not think the time quite arrived to admit to the League a nation like Germany, which has not yet proved its disposition to play fair. Nor would they agree to place the fate of their own nation at the disposal of arbitration. Nor are they yet ready to abandon their historic policy of defensive agreements with other nations. Finally, they would shrink from always placing the fate of their own nation in the hands of arbiters.

Mr. MacDonald also paid his respects to America. He carefully handed to us a large-sized bouquet in the following reported words: "Europe, for the last few years, has not offered America very attractive companionship. . . . Yet we have not asked America to do an important thing but that she has always agreed to do it."

Thereupon the British Prime Minister artfully urged two things: (1) That the time having come to arrange a new arms-limitation conference, with all the Powers present, all plans for security, including the American, should be turned over to a special commission; and (2) that future conferences looking to the limitation of arms must be held in Europe, in order that responsible statesmen attending them may not be too far removed from contact with home affairs. These

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statesmen, according to Mr. MacDonald's opinion, would be largely the heads of Governments.

This suggestion as to Europe may sound reasonable to some; it will not to others. Who is there who will claim that the Washington Conference for the limitation of arms lost anything because Premier Lloyd George was absent, or gained anything because Premier Briand was present? Heads of Governments are sometimes, as in these cases, rather the persons *not* to include in such conferences. When a nation possesses such skillful conferees as Lord Balfour or M. Jusserand or Signor Schanzer or Baron Shidehara—to mention four figures of the Washington Conference—it can very well afford to dispense with its particular head of government.

The real reason why Mr. MacDonald does not want another conference in Washington is, we suspect, his desire to get the United States into the League of Nations and his hope of attaining his wish the sooner the oftener we are lured to Europe. He does not seem to realize that one reason why the Washington Conference of 1921 was a success was because of the peculiar detachment, candor, and balance obtainable in that capital and not to be had in equal degree in any great European city.

Gandhi Takes the Helm

GANDHI, apparently, is on the rise again. If so Occidental a vulgarism may be applied to so Oriental a phenomenon, he is "staging a comeback." Against the Das Swarajists on the one hand and the British authorities on the other, he appears to be actually drifting back to power.

The Swarajists, or Indian home-rule party, agitated for Gandhi's release. The Government at length released him because he was in ill health. The Swarajists publicly claim the credit and secretly wish that Gandhi had stayed well and in jail. The Government, little as it likes Gandhi's policy and purposes, probably prefers him to the Swarajists as led by C. R. Das and Pandit Monilal Nehru.

Now, the Swarajists are children of Gandhi, but at war, not with but against their father. They pay lip service to his theories, but practice a decidedly violent method of getting what they want. Instead of holding aloof from governmental activities, their representatives sit in legislative councils both general and regional. Swarajists have done acts of violence, and the Bengal Provincial Conference, dominated by Das, has commended them. This commendation applied particularly to Gopinath Saha, who murdered an unoffending European in Calcutta and then, while fleeing, wounded a number of people. Das put a resolution through the conference which, while "adhering to the principle of non-violence," paid homage to "the patriotism of Gopinath Saha," who thought he was killing the Commissioner of Police but really killed a private person.

Gandhi, almost immediately he was out of jail, denounced the resolution, which amounted to denouncing the policies of Das and the Swarajists. Das made defense through the newspaper he owns. The influence of Gandhi began to increase. A meeting of the Congress, a body made up of Swarajists and Gandhi's followers, was coming on. Against the opposition of Das, Gandhi procured the holding of the Congress at Ahmedabad, his home. When the Congress met, Gandhi asked and secured a resolution definitely condemning in unequivocal terms all political murders. That done, Gandhi began stressing the points of his old programme—non-co-operation, the "five boycotts," the supreme importance of non-violence, and the insistence that only by so many hours spent daily at the spinning-wheel can India discipline herself for home rule.

So—at least as it looks from the West—the old steersman is back at the wheel and has sent his ship off on the old course, to home rule by way of discipline and self-purification and passive resistance. It may be, however, that the wheel is only temporarily out of the hands of Das, and he may even now have a finger on a spoke. The Ahmedabad Congress, though it condemned Das's murder resolution, did not go all Gandhi's way. Das, at least, is still the nominal leader of the opposition in the Bengal Legislative Council, and his associate, Pandit Monilal Nehru, is still nominal leader in the All-India Legislative Council. These two men and their followers, during Gandhi's imprisonment and decline from power, caused the Government no end of trouble.

The most effective method of obstructing the Government that the Swarajists have hit upon is that of resisting budgets—resisting them not passively but very actively. Both in the All-India Council and in various provincial councils they have succeeded in cutting down budgets so greatly that many desirable activities have been hampered and some have been entirely suspended. That the whole Government has not ceased to function is apparently due, not to any yielding on the part of the Swarajists, but to the safety provisions of the Government of India Act.

Budgets, for the provinces, are divided into "reserved" and "transferred" sides. The "reserved" side includes defense, maintenance of order, and, in general, the things without which the structure of government would tumble down. It includes, too, some of the so-called "nation-building departments"—European education, irrigation, and the like. The "transferred" side includes things desirable for continued development but not necessary to the existence of government—public health, industries, forests, co-operative societies.

The provincial councils vote on the budgets, both reserved and transferred, but there is this essential difference between the two: If the Council rejects the reserved subjects, the Governor can certify every item as indispensable and it becomes law despite the adverse vote of the Council. On the transferred side the Governor's powers of certification are strictly limited. In the main, he cannot restore items rejected by the Council. This applies to the provinces; in the All-India Government practically all subjects are reserved and may be restored by the Viceroy.

It follows, therefore, that the Swarajists, in their general policy of rejecting budgets, have not hampered the general Government so much as they have the provincial governments. Generally, the reserved side items have been restored in the provinces—sufficiently to "carry on"—but the transferred items have mainly gone by the board. In the Central Provinces, where the entire budget was rejected, there has been practical cessation of beneficent activities. Other provinces, though not so completely hamstrung, are decidedly crippled.

Despite all the hardships, the Government maintains the peculiarly British view that these incidents result from the growing pains of self-government and that all parties are gradually learning the meaning of political responsibility. Still, with new sessions of the Councils coming on, the Government undoubtedly is anxious to know whether or not the par-

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tial restoration of Gandhi's passive resistance will moderate the active resistance of Das, Pandit Monilal Nehru, and their followers.

Tennis Versus Golf

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

THERE is no gainsaying the fact that modern tennis is one of the most delightfully spectacular forms of sport. Matches like some of those which I saw played recently in the Forest Hills stadium during the Men's National Championship contests—and in the Women's Championship contests too, for that matter—keep the spectator "on edge" more constantly than in any other game I know. In baseball brilliant pitching may please the *cognoscenti,* but it is only when the ball is hit, and the whole team of opposing players gets into action, that the real excitement begins. In tennis, however, there is "something doing" all the time from the very first service—and in such variety! Backhand volleys, fore-arm smashes, cannon-ball placements, overhead lobs and delicate chop strokes, cuts and slices follow one another in bewildering succession.

The violence of the modern game of tennis is a revelation to one who, like myself, has not played it since the middle eighties. Enormous are the drafts made by the modern game upon muscular power and physical stamina. The managers of the Forest Hills contests ingeniously arranged that the spectators should have the opportunity of seeing for themselves the difference in this respect between the old and the new game, by having the finals in the Veteran's Championship and the finals in the National Championship played on the same afternoon. The difference in the speed of a volley by Tilden or Vincent Richards and a volley by Dr. Hawk or Craig Biddle is like the difference between the speed of an accommodation train and a limited express.

Another interesting quality of tennis is that it is a contest between individuals. It is a duel rather than a battle, and it therefore affords an opportunity for the display of individual courage and gallantry. During the match between Vincent Richards and Tilden at Forest Hills, Richards, after making a very difficult return for which he had to run and reach, slipped, fell, and literally rolled over on his back. Of course the veriest tyro could have won the point with his opponent in that position. But Tilden chose to do otherwise. He gently lobbed the ball so it would fall about at Richards's feet when he had scrambled up. Richards did scramble up, smashed the easy bound, and won the point. Tilden probably reasoned that he could risk losing a point without jeopardizing his victory. The event proved that he was correct. Nevertheless it was a gallant thing to do; and, moreover, it revealed a very quick mental reaction. Tennis has this in common with chess—it is a contest of wits.

A tennis championship is a pleasant thing to see played. The serried rows of spectators, the dash of color lent to the scene by the various tints of the summer fabrics worn by the ladies, the velvety green of the turf courts, the spotless white of the players' costumes, and the rapid movement of the antagonists all combine to make a striking picture, the charm of which I should be among the last to deny. Comparisons are not only odious but onerous. The man who attempts to express definite judgments in comparative anatomy, comparative literature, comparative religion, or even comparative sport takes a great weight upon his shoulders. I do not propose, therefore, to weigh and balance the comparative merits of golf and tennis as amateur sport, but I shall venture upon the assertion that golf has one advantage which tennis has not, and, so far as I can see, never will have. Golf possesses a literature.

I do not refer to scientific laws and rules. Tennis has literature of that kind, I suppose. No doubt Tilden can with diagrams explain exactly how to make the chop stroke, just as Vardon, Braid, and Taylor have explained how to make the mashie approach or chip shot. When I say that golf has a literature, I mean the literature of reminiscence, anecdote, and biography. All good tennis-courts are as alike as two peas, but every golf course is different from every other golf course. Of what avail as literature would it be for Tilden to write: "In the Davis cup matches of 1924 on court number two in the second set I played a chop slice which just carried nicely over the net wholly out of Patterson's reach"? But if Miss Mary Browne, who within a very few years has been Woman Tennis Champion of the United States and who has only recently taken up golf, were to describe the brassie shot out of the rough on the eighteenth hole at the Rhode Island Country Club, which single shot enabled her to put Miss Collett, one of the greatest of American woman golf players, out of the championship, that would be literature.

In "Scribner's Magazine" for September William Lyon Phelps, in his delightful department "As I Like It," quotes a letter from "Sandy" Herd, the famous Scotch professional, whose book "My Golfing Life" Mr. Phelps commends. Whether twenty years from now I shall remember in detail the bit of brilliant gallantry on the part of William Tilden in the Forest Hills Championships, which I have described above, I do not know. But I remember very well a shot which I saw Herd make twenty years ago at the Mid-Surrey Club near London, which at that time, I believe, was the home club of the famous J. H. Taylor. Herd was playing with James Braid in a tournament, and was so bunkered on his drive or second shot—I forget which—that the hole seemed a sure one for Braid. But Herd took his spoon and played a long shot out of the sand dead to the pin and won the hole. I saw Edward Ray do the same thing at Troon in 1914. In the match between Herd and Braid at Mid-Surrey I recall that Braid on one hole was stymied by a good-sized tree. After a moment's thought he selected his brassie and deliberately sliced the ball around the tree two hundred yards to the green. Those three shots were feats of manual and mental skill that deserve a literary record.

I was not aware until I read Mr. Phelps's commendation that Alexander Herd had written a book on golf. Among the notable books written by professionals are those by Harry Vardon and James Braid. Braid is not only a fine golfer but one of the finest and most respected characters that the game has produced. He and good old Tom Morris have many qualities in common. Another entertaining book by a Scotch professional golfer is the book of recollections by Andrew (or Andra, as the name is pronounced in broad Scotch) Kirkaldy. "Andra" had the very best of golfing educations at St. Andrew's, where he lived and caddied and played as boy

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Photograph by Edwin Levick, New York

Dorothy Campbell Hurd, National Women's Golf Champion, with the cup she won. She defeated Miss Mary Browne in the finals

and man, but his advantages for book learning were not great, and I strongly suspect that his reminiscences were not written but were talked to somebody who put them in form for the printer. There is a famous, deep and terrible bunker at St. Andrew's known as Hell Bunker. One day Kirkaldy was playing, so he says in his book, with an English Bishop who put his ball into Hell Bunker but got it out and onto the green by a prodigious stroke with his niblick. In great elation the Bishop exclaimed as he clambered out of the pit: "Andrew, did you see me get out of Hell with my niblick!" "I did, my Lord," was the answer, "and I advise ye to tak' yer niblick wi' ye when ye dee!" Andrew did not stand in awe of the clergy.

A good caddie can almost turn defeat into victory by his wise advice. At North Berwick, once a professional was losing a tournament match by being short and timid in his putting. His caddie at length remonstrated: "Het the ba', man; het the ba'. What are ye frichtened for?" The advice was taken and the match was won. Unfortunately in tennis when a player is putting all his returns into the net no one can stand beside him and exclaim, "Don't be timid! Hit the ball!"

In the Rev. Mr. Kerr's quarto there are some reminiscences by R. J. B. Tait, a representative of one of the oldest golfing families of East Lothian. "Sir Walter Scott," says Mr. Tait, "once played a game on Prestonpans course, and in going to the links walked down a narrow lane next to the brewery. In 1862 I remember walking with my father to the green, and asking him why it was that in going to golf he always went down this vennel. He replied: 'All great men walk down here. Sir Walter Scott once walked through it.' 'Did you see him?' I asked. 'No,' he said, 'but I have seen a man who saw him, and so have you.' He referred to old Willie Wright, who was then ninety-four years of age and lived opposite the narrow lane referred to." This anecdote alone is sufficient, I think, to justify my assertion that golf has a peculiar literary quality. What other game is there which one could approach in remembrance and veneration of a great poet and novelist? And what other game is there which obtains from its neophytes such unswerving devotion as golf? I quote again from Mr. R. J. B. Tait:

> In 1869, when the whale came in at Longniddry, a friend and I, both boys and both "gowf-daft," took our irons and played shots over the whale's back. My friend, another day, went to see the whale for the express purpose of playing a shot from off his back. A favorite pastime of ours was to lay down a lucifer match and light it by hitting the brimstone with the bone of the club at full swing. Another player, when the weather was wet, would go into a bedroom and place a hat on the bed and play iron shots from the floor into it. We played shots over the church steeple at Aberlady, over Gosford House, and we even took our clubs to Coldstream for the purpose of playing balls across the Tweed during our Christmas holidays. On one occasion, when young Tom Morris [by some believed to be the greatest golfing genius who ever lived, the William Tilden 2d of the game] came to Luffness to practice for the first professional match of importance that had ever taken place there, viz., that between Bob Ferguson and himself, he stayed with us at the Golf Hotel at Aberlady, and occupied the same bedroom as I did. We kept all our clubs there beside us, and spent part of each night playing iron shots for pennies from the hearth-rug into a hat which we placed in the bed. We often had some clubs in the bed beside us, and not infrequently got up in the middle of the night to illustrate to each other how certain shots ought to be overcome, to go over the different styles of the golfers we knew, and to imitate the various characters themselves.

I doubt if Tilden ever took a tennis racket to bed with him, and it is certain that he could not practice his cannon-ball service aces on a bedroom floor at night. Nevertheless, he seems to have developed the game to its highest possible form of perfection. Perhaps he will now devote himself to seeing whether it cannot be given a literary cast. A hard task, however, lies before him, for literature is a plant of slow growth, and the literature of golf has already had a record of nearly two centuries.

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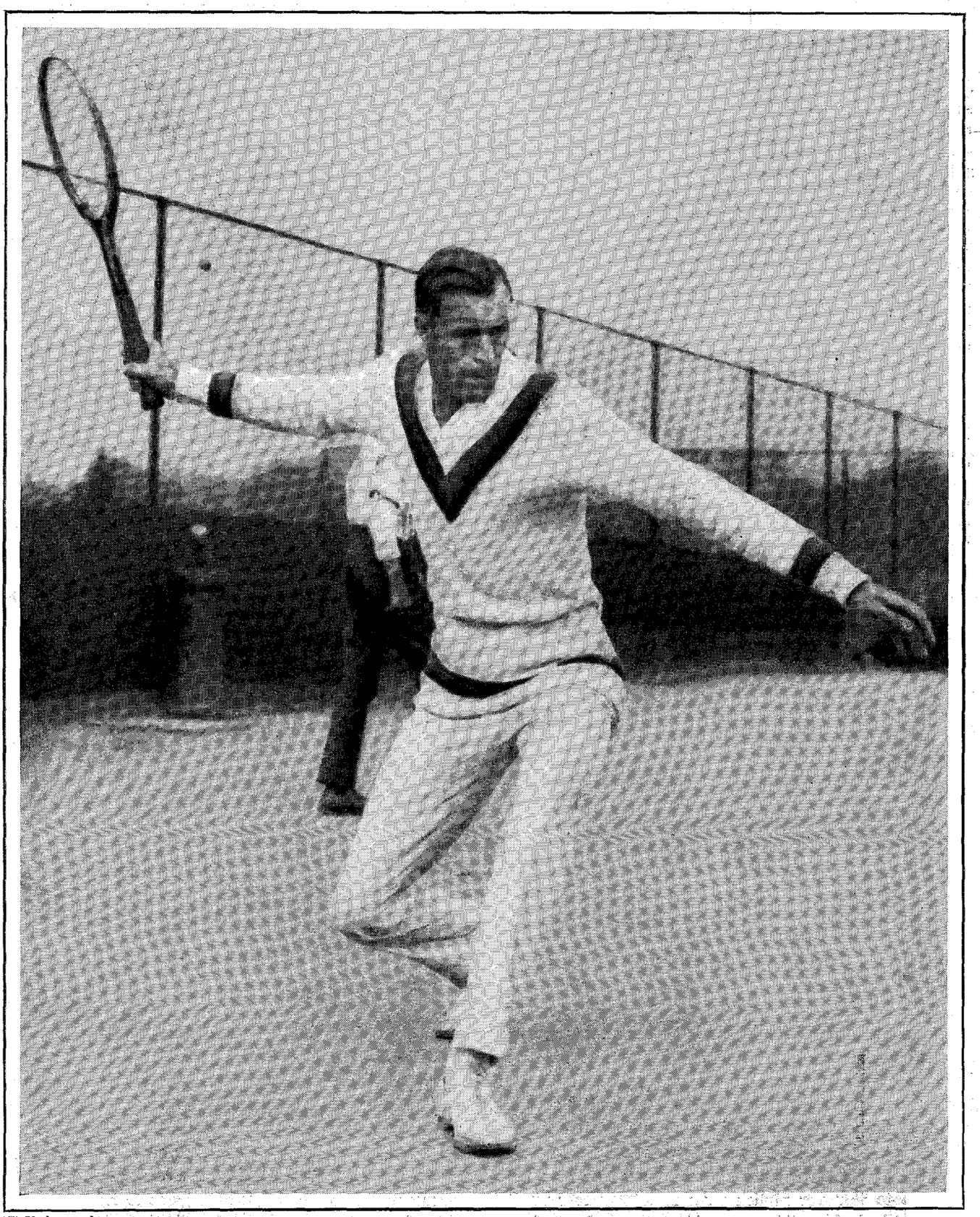
Master of Them All



(C) Underwood

William T. Tilden 2d winning the National Tennis Championship for the fifth year in succession at Forest Hills, Long Island

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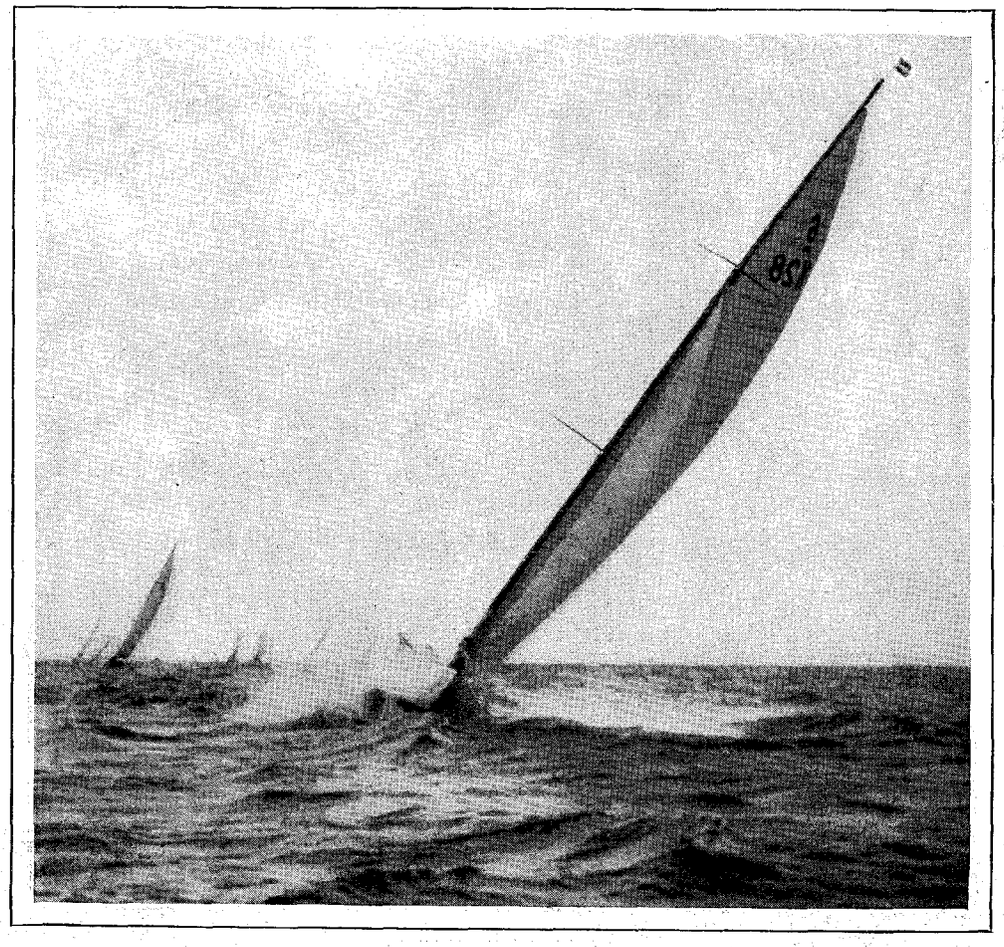
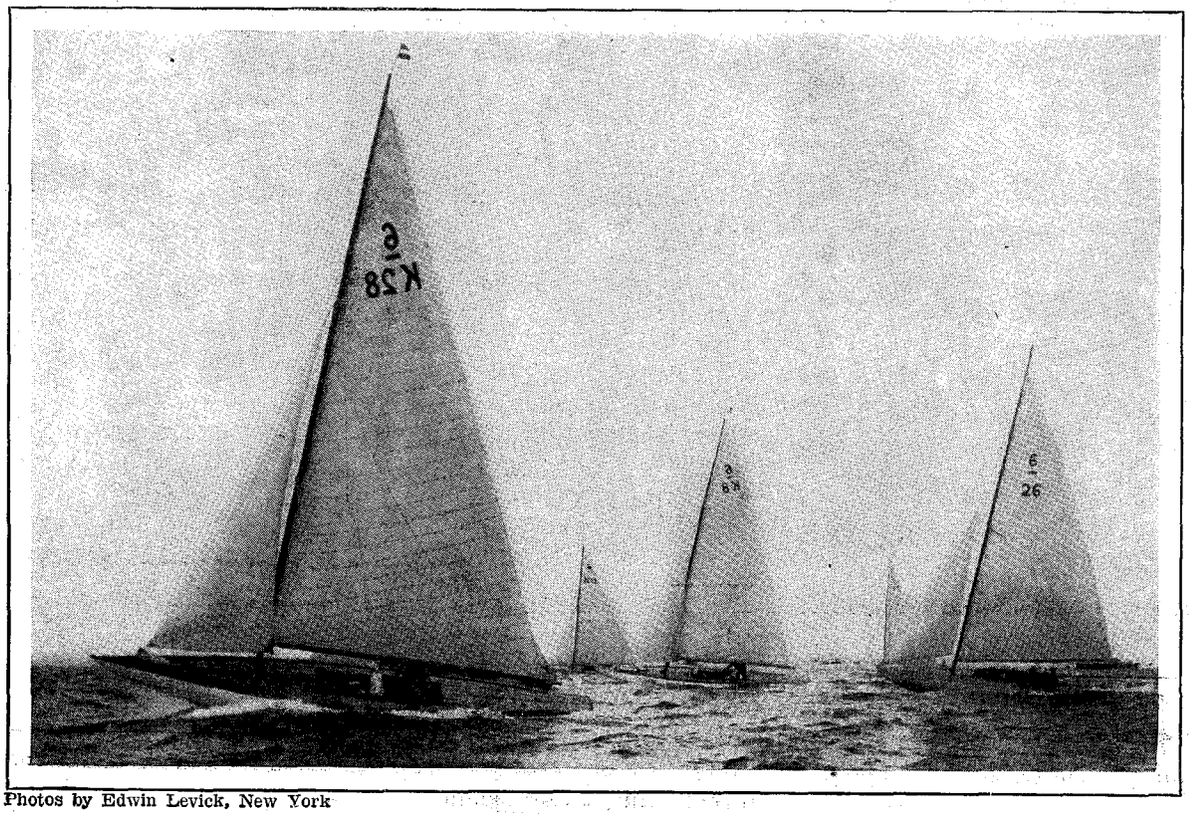
A Race that Was to the Swift

On the waters of Long Island Sound teams of British and American six-meter yachts are struggling for the cup which represents the highest development of small-boat sailing and design. In the first race the British yachts, led by the Betty, [illegible]d. In the second [illegible]merican yachts we[illegible]rious. To win the trophy a team must win four out of seven races. The English yacht Betty is shown in the upper picture leading the fleet. In the lower picture she is again shown in the van. This photograph of the Betty gives an excellent idea of the clean lines characteristic of the British contenders





Photos by Edwin Levick, New York

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Warriors of the Dream

By Hermann Hagedorn

They pushed their glowing joys aside,
They laid their shining hopes away;
They hearkened, pale and starry-eyed,
And closed the books and dropped the play.
They said, "There is a greater thing
Than fame or golden harvesting.
Out of the storm there came a cry
And we will answer, though we die!"

They answered from the seething plain,
They answered from the reeling height,
To the last reaching-forth, in pain,
They sent their answer down the night:
"Though hope allure and love enthrall
And precious, youth and glory seem,
Sweeter than all, greater than all
Is to give all to a dream!"

They will not come again to play
The old games through the summer day,
Or seek the cool woods or the brooks
Or open now the dusty books.
Yet, where in crowds, with restless feet,
The getters and the spenders meet,
There is, at times, a strange deep sound
Not from the sky, not from the ground,
And voices such as music hath
That shakes the heart and chokes the breath:
"Though hope allure and love enthrall
And precious, youth and glory seem,
Sweeter than all, greater than all
Is to give all to a dream!"

On its old orbit swings this earth;
Day comes, night comes; the seasons pass;
And holy memories, amid mirth,
Are but as shadows on a glass.
Men may forget and time erase
Of name and deed the last faint trace;
But in still hours, amid their joys,
Unborn, undreamed of girls and boys
Shall of a sudden be aware
Of something not of earth or air,
A burning brow, a glowing eye,
A flame, a presence and a cry:
"Though hope allure and love enthrall
And precious, youth and glory seem,
Sweeter than all, greater than all
Is to give all to a dream!"

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The Wolf in the Flock

A clever crook poses as a philanthropist and persuades a minister to become a financier

By GEORGE WITTEN

HOW could he face his congregation? The Pastor paced the floor of his study, ringing his thin hands. For the past three days he had been "out" to all callers, but to-morrow would be Sunday, and he must conduct his usual services. To-morrow [illegible] accusing eyes would be [illegible] him as he entered his pulpit. [illegible] had done nothing that was criminal or really wrong. It had simply been a case of bad judgment. But it had cost his congregation thousands of dollars. Many of them had parted with their life's savings on his advice.

He had been honest in the whole matter, but he had been a dupe. The Promoter had come to him with, apparently, good credentials. If he had only verified these, the whole matter would have been averted. But the Promoter had swept him off his feet by his wonderfully frank and open-handed manner. At first he had simply played the rôle of a devout attendant at the Sunday services. When an appeal was made for funds with which to meet the interest due on the church debt, he had given a contribution of a hundred dollars. It had been the same when the church had been called upon to give its share toward foreign missions; [illegible] Promoter had headed the subscrip[illegible] list with a generous donation. Then, [illegible] an impecunious member of the [illegible]gregation had lost his wife, and [illegible]adn't the money with which to bury her, he had come forward and had paid all the funeral expenses.

"Do all the good you can in the world, it is the only thing worth living for," was the constant saying of the Promoter.

In a few weeks he had become an usher in the church and one of the Pastor's most ardent helpers in the numerous tasks and problems that every minister has.

Just when it was that the Promoter's great "uplift work" was first divulged to the Pastor, and then to his congregation, he couldn't remember. But it had seemed such a wonderful proposition. It was going to double the purchasing value of the workingman's dollar. It was a great and daring attack on the capitalists. Under the Promoter's plan of co-operative buying and selling the man in the street would reap all the benefits of large profits that now go to the capitalists.

With a broad-minded, generous man like the Promoter at the head of it, the plan seemed certain of success. The Pastor rejoiced that the opportunity to take part in such a great work had been afforded him, and he had joined hands with the Promoter. However, he had not been the only man of standing in his community who had given his unqualified indorsement to the stock issue. There was the Superintendent of Public Schools, the Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., and the Secretary of the Y. W. C. A.

None of these had allowed their names to be used in the promotion literature, but they had talked of the plan, and when asked for advice by those who looked to them for guidance had advised investing. The only man in the town who openly fought the proposition was the Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, but then the Promoter had pointed out the fact that the Secretary represented the merchants of the town, who were reaping big profits and whose business would be affected. This had seemed a reasonable and logical argument, and had helped further to prove that the Promoter's plan was a real fight against the big interests.

The stock had sold with a boom. Men and women who had lived contentedly on moderate incomes, investing their small savings in Liberty Bonds and securities of proved stability that paid only small dividends, suddenly developed extravagant ambitions. There was little talk of anything else but the great equalizing plan of the Promoter. It was going to give every one the same chance in life. But those who invested first and got in on the ground floor would have advantages over those who held back and didn't come in until the plan was put into effect. The thing to do was to *invest at once.*

Homes were mortgaged, Liberty Bonds and good securities were sold, and money taken from the savings banks. There was more happiness in the community than there had ever been before. Everybody wore a smile, and the Promoter stood out among them, a Moses come to lead them from bondage. Then, crash! What had happened? The Promoter had disappeared, his elaborate offices were closed, and the firm that had rented him his office furniture was trying to collect the rental from the stockholders. Other bills, made in the name of the corporation, were pouring in, but the officers of the enterprise had vanished.

The Superintendent of Schools was away on his vacation. The Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. was attending a convention. The Secretary of the Y. W. C. A. had taken to her bed, and remained there, too ill to see anybody. The Pastor had been left to face the enraged stockholders alone. For days his door-bell and telephone had rung incessantly. Then he did what he should have done months before, made investigation of the Promoter's credentials. These he found, to his dismay, were forgeries.

When the crash first came, the Pastor had attempted to appease the stockholders and had tried to justify his position by showing them his own elaborately engraved stock certificate, which he had bought with his small savings. But there was no reasoning with them—all they wanted was their money back. Finally he had denied himself to all callers and had attempted to concentrate his mind on his sermons. But to-morrow was Sunday, and to-morrow he must face an enraged congregation.

The position of the Pastor was only the same as that in which hundreds of honest, well-meaning men have found themselves in recent years. The promoter of to-day is a student of psychology, and, while there is always a flaw in his makeup and he has his weaknesses, he is a man of brains, who, if he exerted his efforts in the right direction, could accomplish great things. One of the greatest troubles with the average man is that he expects to find the marks of the beast in every vender of worthless securities; he looks for the "horns," while the most dangerous of the promoters are men of smart and often benevolent appearance, with soft voices and kindly manners.

The writer, in once making an investigation of a fraudulent concern that was playing the "uplift game" to the superlative degree, found the head of the enterprise to be a man with silvery white, wavy hair of the Mark Twain type; a jovial, round face with a most engaging

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dimple; big brown eyes that looked you square in the face when he talked; a soft, drawling voice that made you think of the great open plains of the West; and a kindly, considerate manner that tended to allay all suspicions.

On the glass top of his large maple-wood desk, incased in an expensive frame, was a group portrait of three smiling children. To this the promoter was wont to refer to with fatherly pride as he leaned back in his swivel chair, that matched the desk, and talked about his farm in the hills of Jersey, where he always went whenever he could break away from his duties; but the great work he was doing kept him cooped up in an apartment in the city. Still, that was part of his sacrifice for his fellow-man.

Cultured, attractive young ladies passed quietly in and out of his spacious office, bringing him papers to sign. One of these, his private secretary, seemed to hang on his every word with the affection of a devoted daughter. The writer sat in a comfortable, leather-upholstered chair, with his feet sunk in a thick carpet, and wondered if this man could really be a crook.

A visit to this man's elaborate apartment in an uptown hotel disclosed a little kitten of the ordinary back-alley type. Over this animal the "good" man fondly fussed. It was one of God's creatures, and his love went out to everything.

Investigation showed that this man had a long criminal career. He was under indictment, under other names, in various States. He had filched the public of millions. He had married and deserted several women, one of whom was found working for a paltry wage in a cigar-stand of a hotel. The three smiling children were found to be illegitimate. The devoted secretary was his mistress. The farm in the hills of Jersey didn't exist. The kitten was just part of the show properties, and was later abandoned to starve, as had been several other cats and dogs in various places where he had operated.

When the activities of this man were laid before the authorities and the stockholders engaged an eminent lawyer to help prosecute him, the lawyer, though a man of long experience, who had been a circuit court judge, stated that he could not bring himself to believe that this man was dishonest.

But do not think from this that all promoters have the appearance of honesty, or that all honest-appearing men are crooks. Some crooks look like crooks, and some of them look like ordinary every-day men. The point is that every man, no matter what his representations are, should be thoroughly investigated before money is intrusted to him. Any proposition, or any promoter, that won't stand for investigation is better left alone. And beware of the man who tells you that a stock must be bought in a few hours, or even in a few days—that man is afraid of investigation.

ZR-3—The New Leviathan of the Skies

An airship built for peace and trade

By Howard Mingos

At last, six years after the Armistice, we are to receive the choicest bit of war booty—the Zeppelin ZR-3, said to be the last word in rigid airship design and construction; and possibly the only material and useful thing coming to us for our part in the war.

Though the Zeppelin Company has built the ZR-3 especially for the United States, the German Government is paying the bills. German engineers have put into the craft all the technical knowledge acquired in building more than a hundred Zeppelins. That should be very useful to this country. They have outfitted it so luxuriously that it has come to be known as the airship *de luxe*. Nothing like it has been flown before anywhere. All of which should help us along in our airship programme after the German crew has flown it to the Navy shed at Lakehurst, New Jersey, and it has been officially surrendered to this Government.

If it creates a sensation in this country, that fact should cast no reflection on our own American designed and built Shenandoah. The two airships are unlike in every respect except for their rigid construction. They have the same kind of duralumin framework. There the similarity ends. The ZR-3 is the first passenger airship to appear in this hemisphere. And passenger dirigibles are as unlike service craft as ocean liners differ from battleships.

The Shenandoah is a "fighting laboratory," built to carry fighting men and guns and to operate with the Fleet. Fighting men are not accustomed to creature comforts aboard any kind of a ship. The ZR-3 is designed to carry tourists and suitcases, traveling men and babies. It is the new Leviathan of the skies. Not one of its half million parts was made for fighting. Throughout its 656 feet of hull it stands for peace.

While the German rigid is shorter by 25 feet than the Shenandoah, it actually is larger, for the Navy fighter is only 79 feet in diameter, while the ZR-3 is 91 feet, holding 2,472,000 cubic feet of buoyant gas, as compared to the 2,115,000 feet required to inflate the Shenandoah. The new Zeppelin weighs five or six tons more than its American cousin—in all, 46 tons. It will carry that much tonnage in useful loads of gasoline, oil, spare parts, crew, passengers, and freight. It is the first flying craft to carry loads equal to its own weight, an important factor in commercial aviation.

Air lines cannot be financed and the public cannot afford to patronize them until operating costs are confined within economical bounds. A vehicle carrying loads equal to its own weight makes a strong bid for popularity. The ZR-3 should be the first of a huge fleet of commercial carriers linking American cities with those of Europe and Asia. It was to use the Zeppelin as a model for others to be built here that the Government made an eleventh-hour and successful effort to acquire it, though it has been rough going at times.

By the terms of the Versailles Treaty all the German airships were to be surrendered to the victors. As nearly all the Zeppelins had been destroyed by their own captains after the sailors had sunk their surface ships at Scapa Flow, the Allies insisted that the rigids be replaced in kind or equivalent material be surrendered. When the remaining Zeppelins were apportioned among the Powers, the United States did not accept the two allotted to this country, because we had no shed to house them, and the ships were not in very good condition, anyway.

Then, too, there was a wide difference of opinion here concerning the value of airships. Many looked upon them as "sick whales" because they had been inflated with hydrogen, which exploded under the slightest provocation. Airships filled with hydrogen could be shot down

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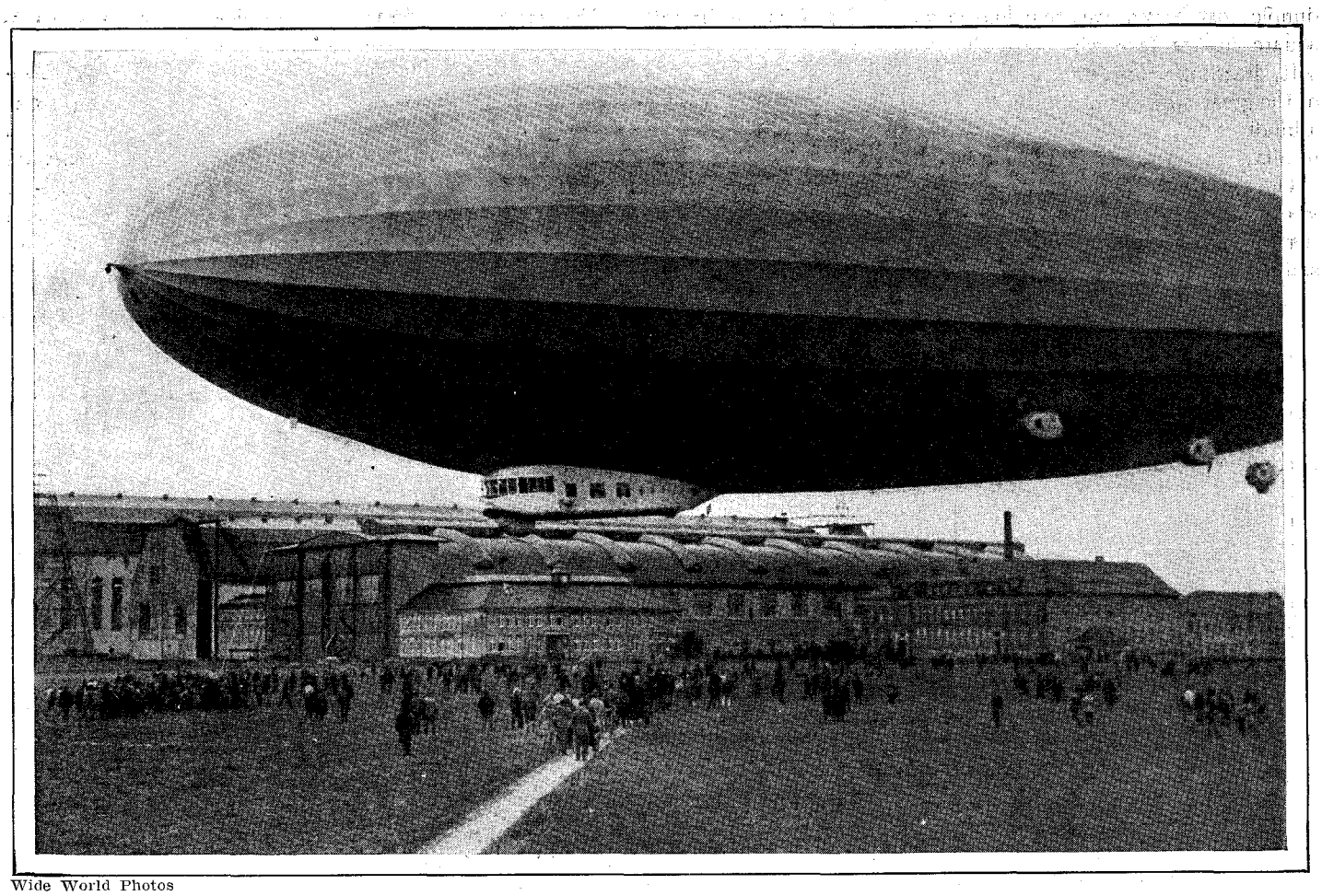

Wide World Photos

The ZR-3 after its first trial flight returning to its landing place at the Zeppelin works in Friedrichshafen, Germany

by fast planes or from surface batteries. A chance spark from the engines or a lightning bolt would send the ship down in flames. Every airship tragedy which could be investigated has been traced directly to hydrogen exploding.

Others among the Army and Navy officers in Washington took a different view of the matter, among them General Pershing. They had followed closely the development of another war product, American helium. It is a gas which will neither explode nor burn. It is 92 per cent as efficient as hydrogen in lifting qualities. Before the war it was known only in the laboratories as an element too costly to produce in quantities. The hundred cubic feet which the scientists had isolated cost them $7,000.

In 1917 somebody unearthed a report in the Department of Agriculture explaining that helium existed in unlimited quantities in the natural gas of Texas and other Western States. The result was that at the time of the Armistice more than 200,000 cubic feet had been extracted and was ready for shipment to the western front. Had the war lasted another year, all the Allied airships and balloons would have been inflated with American helium. They would have been safe from incendiary bullets and bursting shrapnel except for chance hits in vital parts.

Helium has saved the Shenandoah on several occasions, particularly when she broke away from her mast at Lakehurst last January and with two nose gas cells spilling their contents about the flaming exhausts of the engines fought the worst storm of the season and after seven hours returned to her hangar safely. It was a conclusive test, proving the value of helium and the advantage to the country having a monopoly in it. To-day the Government is producing millions of cubic feet a year at less than 6 cents a cubic foot. The cost is decreasing annually. President Coolidge recently set aside more than 7,000 acres of helium lands in Utah, designating the tract as U. S. Helium Reserve No. 1, indicating that others will follow.

This monopoly in safe gas seems to warrant a strong airship programme for the United States. But while we were deciding the matter after the treaty was signed the other Powers claimed all the desirable Zeppelins. The airship enthusiasts persisted in claiming that rigids inflated with helium would prove so safe in passenger carrying that the traveling and shipping public would be converted by a few months of steady operations. They admitted that it would be years before private interests could undertake such a venture. The Shenandoah had cost the Government more than $2,000,000. Hangars, mooring masts, terminals, way stations, and operating costs would force an investment of $10,000,000 before a private company could launch its first passenger ship. Where, then, was America to popularize lighter-than-air?

It was put up to the Government. General Pershing went to President Harding, who immediately authorized the acquisition of a "replacement" Zeppelin and the employment of the Army and Navy Air Services in demonstrating it before the public, thus paving the way for private initiative and investment.

The American claim was entered through diplomatic channels three years ago. We explained that, instead of two ships to which we were entitled, we would like one twice the size of the ships destroyed. The Germans were willing, even anxious, to build such a craft and send it to this country as a gift. Their industry had been so throttled by the peace terms and stipulations limiting aircraft to impossible sizes and power that they were confronted with utter extinction. They saw in this a chance to keep the Zeppelin plant open and its great sheds standing.

The Allies at first disapproved of the plan. They held to their point that Germany could not build airships larger than 30,000 cubic meters gas capacity. Fi-

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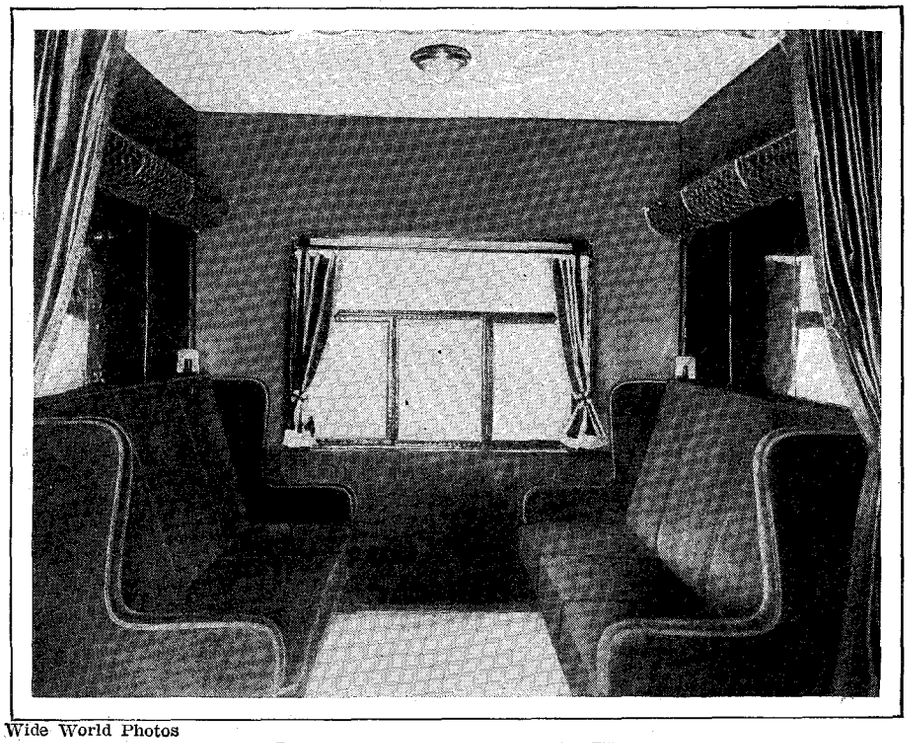

Wide World Photos

Passenger compartment in the ZR-3

nally, with the understanding that it was a great favor to us, they permitted construction of one twice that size. That is the ZR-3. The Allies furthermore ordered that it be a commercial airship. This coincided with the desires of both the Americans and Germans who wanted to build a perfect passenger carrier, the result of fifteen years of constant improvement at the Zeppelin factory. They say that the ZR-3 is a fair representation.

The new Zeppelin carries 20 passengers. Its five Maybach engines, aggregating 2,000 horse-power, give it a maximum range of 5,280 miles at cruising speed or a fast speed of 76 miles an hour for 3,500 miles. It surpasses all others in speed and cruising range. This ability to carry heavy loads and to outfly ships of equal length is due to the stream-lined shape of the hull, which tapers gradually from the center. The military Zeppelins and the Shenandoah begin to taper only near the ends.

Another structural departure is the wide corridor which extends the entire length of the ZR-3, built partly into the hull and partly below it. It serves to strengthen the entire framework, and by distributing the various weights supports the loads, besides affording a means of communication to all parts of the ship. In other rigids the crew must make their way precariously along the keel, which averages about fifteen inches in width.

It is the custom to swing all the engine gondolas several feet below the ship, to allow a free passage of air for the propellers. In the military ships the control car is also slung below and prepared to carry an engine if necessary. On the Shenandoah one must climb a ladder between the control car and the hull. The car is only 20 feet long and 10 wide. It barely accommodates the five men at the controls. On the long flights they have been most uncomfortable and dependent upon emergency rations and lunches.

The car of the ZR-3 is larger than a sleeping-car and its appointments rival those of a private yacht. It is built solidly against the keel of the rigid. The control room in front is virtually the bridge. There are wheels for the rudders and other steering apparatus, engine telegraphs and signals, a switchboard for operating the gas valves and ballast tanks. The instrument board holds many dials. Near by is the radio room, a sound-proof and gas-proof cabin especially invented for the ZR-3. The wireless has a radius of 1,560 miles by telegraph and 315 miles by telephone. The electric current is supplied by a generator driven by a small air screw making 3,000 revolutions a minute. The antenna consists of three wires dangling below the leviathan for 390 feet.

Next is the passenger saloon, flanked on both sides by large windows and subdivided into five compartments, each of which has two sofas accommodating four persons. At night the backs of the sofas form the upper berths and the seats the lower. Then the passengers are isolated by means of curtains. Close at hand are small flasks of oxygen in brackets, which one may use in case of height sickness. Or he may call a steward and order hot foods from the kitchen on the other side of the gangway in the rear. During the day hot meals are served on tables set between the sofas. The food is cooked on electric stoves and in kettles set into the white-hot exhaust pipes of the engines. Two lavatories for men and women passengers are located in the rear of the car, where there is also a storeroom for supplies and baggage.

The officers and men work in shifts of a few hours each, depending on flying conditions. In bad weather everybody is on watch. The watches are stood as aboard surface craft. The officers have comfortable quarters in the hull above their control room, while the members of the crew have bunks throughout the hull at points near their duty stations.

With all this the ZR-3 is said to be only a model for ships of the future. Zeppelin engineers have designs for craft many times the size of the replacement ship. Plans exist for a super-rigid capable of flying around the earth in the latitude of New York in 17 days, carrying 100 passengers, baggage, and fuel, without stopping.

Many suggestions have been made for employing the ZR-3 commercially. One company tried to lease it as the first of a fleet of transcontinental passenger carriers. It struck a snag when it found that an act of Congress would be required to lease or sell the ship. The Joint Army and Navy Board has placed it in charge of the Navy Bureau of Aeronautics for the first six months. Immediately on its arrival it will be inflated with helium and the American crew will set out on a series of demonstration flights along the Atlantic seaboard. Then inland flights will be made, and gradually the ZR-3 will work into the West and on to the Pacific coast. Later on a model air line may be operated across the country. Or, if conditions permit, a fast mail service between the United States and England will be attempted. At the end of six months the Army Air Service is scheduled to operate it for a similar period, after which the craft will probably be operated jointly by the two services on what may be the first regular transcontinental air line.

The ZR-3 could cross the United States in less than two days, its cargo of first-class mail paying for the trip, the maintenance of personnel and repair facilities. It requires little imagination to see where our air forces could be built up by such pioneering operations, paying their own way and thus reducing the cost of aerial armament, something which apparently is taking the place of the naval construction cost which the limitations treaty sought to curtail. The new airship may teach this country much before it has been flown over the larger cities.

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The Opera

By DANIEL GREGORY MASON

IN the year 1600 there met at the house of Count Vernio, in Florence, a group of musical amateurs determined to introduce a type of music suitable to accompany drama, a type which they boldly but justly called the "New Music" (*Nuove Musiche*), and which turned out to be the first step toward what we know as opera. These men (Cavaliere, Galilei, Caccini, Peri, and others), later known as the Camerata, had few traditions on which to build, since the only type of artistic music then known was the severe choral music of the Church, which culminated in Palestrina, Orlandus Lassus, and others at the end of the sixteenth century. This was animated by an ideal of expression the direct opposite of theirs. "Of the cloistral mood," says Dickinson, "the Church music of the Palestrina age is the most subtle and suggestive embodiment ever realized in art. It is as far as possible removed from profane suggestion; in the ineffable calmness, pure from every trace of struggle, with which it vibrates, it is the most adequate emblem of that eternal repose toward which the believer yearns." This pure and remote beauty was of little use to the Camerata, who wished to represent the play of passions in the actual world, the daily life of men and women.

New Ideals

THEIR very first attempt was the little drama of "Euridice," set to music by Jacopo Peri (1560–1625) and performed at the wedding of Henry IV of France and Maria Medici. This earliest "opera" was true to type, by the way, in that the librettist gave it a "happy ending" to please its public, having Orpheus bring back his Euridice from Hades, thus, as Parry slyly points out, "relieving the story of its poignancy, and a good deal of its point." But, however little the audiences of opera have usually cared for drama, its composers have at least been conscious of a different aim from that of the Church composers; and this primary difference of aim has brought with it a whole train of differences of method.

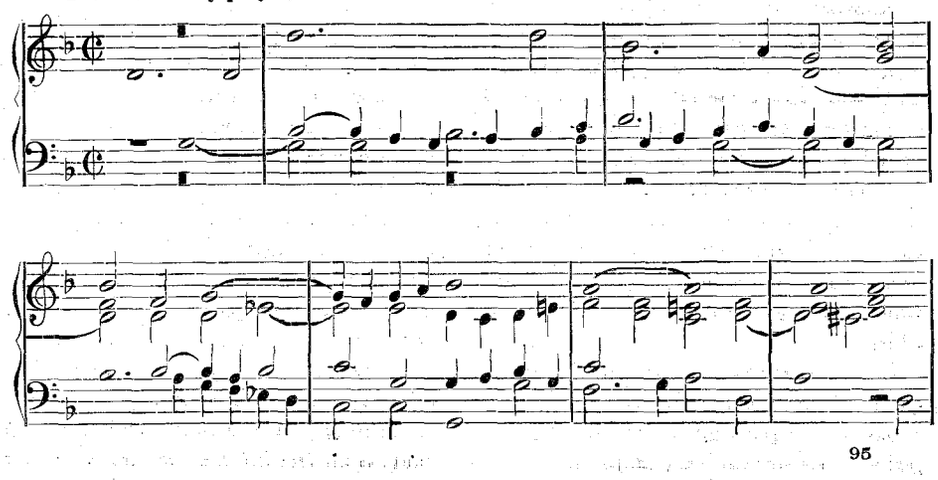
Let us compare, for instance, a bit from a typical Church composition, Lassus's "Hear My Prayer, O Lord," with the deservedly famous "Ariadne's Lament," included by Claudio Monteverdi (1568–1643) in his opera of "Arianna," written only seven years after Peri's "Euridice," but already a much more mature and finished piece of art than that pioneer work. Note first that Lassus, aiming at the "cloistral mood" described by Dickinson, writes for several groups of singers, each impersonal because composed of many individuals, and each given its own melody; while Monteverdi individualizes his Arianna by letting her sing a single line of melody alone, with instrumental accompaniment only, and thus makes her plaint so appealing that it is said to have moved all its early hearers to tears. This free motion of a single voice over an instrumental support is the famous "recitative" that at this period made its first appearance in music. Second, notice that, while Lassus uses only peaceful, pure harmonies, Monteverdi introduces in the second, eleventh, thirteenth, and other measures, harsh "dissonances," combinations of notes that jar with one another and thus intensify expression. Third, Lassus uses a flowing, indefinite rhythm; Monteverdi, a much more definitely marked division into phrases, as in most modern music. Finally, the Lassus example has no definite "key"—that is, it does not circulate around any one note. The "Lament," on the contrary, is clearly in D minor, and embodies the plan of statement (in the first six measures), contrast (in the next eight), and restatement (in the last five) that we find in thousands of folk-songs and dances, and that underlies most of the formal types used in advanced artistic music. In short, Monteverdi is essentially a modern composer.

Their Arduous Realization

THUS in the short space of seven years, between the first meetings of the Camerata in 1600 and the appearance of Monteverdi's "Arianna" in 1607, had been laid the foundations of modern opera. But before the superstructure could attain the magnificent impressiveness we so admire in the work of Verdi (1813–1901), Wagner (1813–1883), and other modern composers two centuries had to elapse—long, full, difficult centuries in which characteristic abuses and defects, corrected over and over again by reformers of devotion and of genius, men like Monteverdi, Gluck, Weber, sprang up ever new like tough weeds in a field prepared for some finer crop, and seem never to be decisively conquered. The history of opera has been more checkered, fuller of strong contrasts between the facile popularity of tinsel and the struggles of genius for the true gold, than any other branch of music. This is probably in part because opera audiences have always contained a large proportion of people who cared nothing for music, but who came to gratify a curiosity about personalities, a love of color, display, and excitement, or a mere desire to be effortlessly entertained. The obligation of intelligent interest is by no group of music-lovers so complacently ignored as by opera-goers. Parry truly sums up the situation when he says: "The problem to be solved in fitting intelligible music to intelligible drama is one of the most complicated and delicate ever undertaken by

Figure I.

From "Hear my prayer, O Lord" — ORLANDUS LASSUS



[1] The substance of this article will appear in Mr. Mason's forthcoming book "From Song to Symphony," to be published by the Oliver Ditson Company for the National Federation of Music Clubs.—The Editors.

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Figure II.

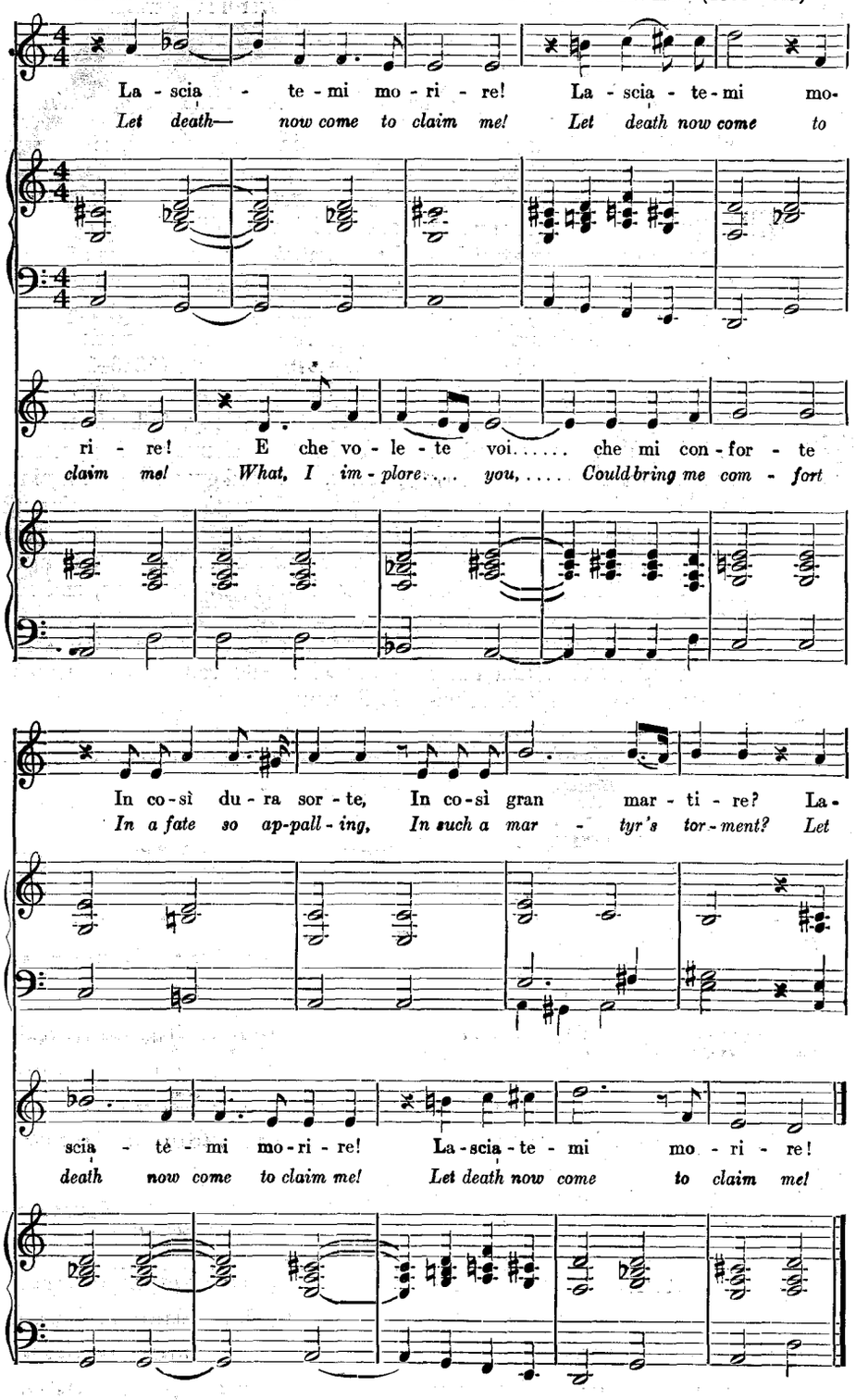
Lasciatemi Morire

(Let death now come)

From "Arianna"

English Version by
CHARLES FONTEYN MANNEY

CLAUDIO MONTEVERDE (1568–1642)



man; and the solution is made all the more difficult through the fact that the kind of public who frequent operas do not in the least care to have it solved. Operatic audiences have always had the lowest standard of taste of any section of human beings calling themselves musical. They generally have a gross appetite for anything, so long as it is not intrinsically good." The words hardly seem too severe when we see how constantly from the first the indifference and stupid complaisance of the public has defeated the finest efforts of the greatest geniuses.

Audiences which would completely stop the dramatic action at the end of every song in order to applaud the singer evidently did not take their drama very seriously; and the expressive value of the action is therefore one of the things that reformers in every age have tried to insist upon. In the palmy days of Italian operas in the eighteenth century, when they were the fashion in every capital of Europe, their absurdities as drama almost passed belief. Mr. Surette tells of one of them in which as the hero is pursuing the villain with intent to kill (or the villain the hero, it makes little difference which) they come upon the heroine. A favorable opportunity for a trio! The trio is sung, and at its conclusion the chase is resumed! Well has it been said that such "operas" are nothing more than "concerts in costume." The dramatic element in them is almost negligible. And in art whatever is neglected is always at once dominated by convention, and becomes mechanized, stereotyped, dead. The "drama" of Italian operas was incredibly standardized. Always the story must be drawn from classical mythology. Always, whatever the story, there must be six characters, three men and three women. Each must have certain traditional types of arias to sing at certain prescribed places. Even the verse used was controlled by prescription: blank verse for the recitatives, rhymed hexameters for the arias.

The chorus was used whenever mass vocal effect was wanted, without regard to dramatic appropriateness; it was Gluck who insisted that the chorus should appear only when the story called for masses of people (as he has so splendidly used it, for example, in his Chorus of Furies in "Orpheus"). The same principle, of course, applies to the ballet. The famous fiasco of Wagner's "Tannhäuser" in Paris in 1861 was due to the conflicting ideas of audience and artist on this point. "Wagner was informed," says Mr. Henderson,[2] "that a ballet in the second act was an absolute necessity, because the subscribers, chiefly members of the Jockey Club, never arrived till the middle of the evening, and they demanded a ballet at that time for their especial delectation. Wagner refused to introduce a meaningless dance into his second act, but 'saw in the first act, at the luxurious court of Venus, a most perfect opportunity for a choreographic scene of some real meaning.' . . . The failure of the work was due to the persistent opposition of the members of the Jockey Club, who blew hunting whistles, indulged in hisses and catcalls, and otherwise made such a disturbance that the work did not get a fair hearing."

Wherever the ideal of expression was forgotten it was not only the vocal, choral, and choreographic elements of the opera that degenerated; the orchestral portion suffered equally. The overture, in the typical Italian opera, is singularly conventional. Seldom does it have any-

[2] Article "Richard Wagner," by W. J. Henderson, "Famous Composers and Their Works," p. 541.

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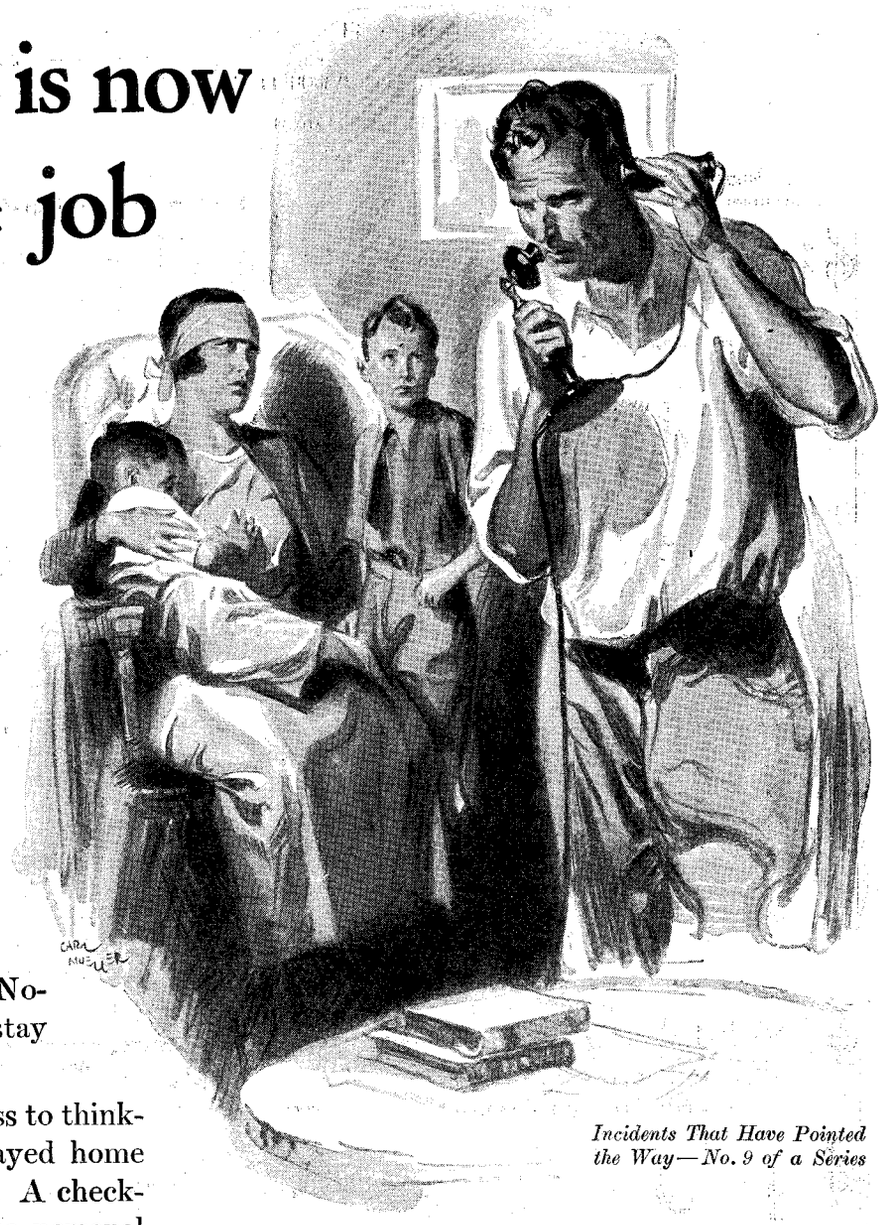
Why "Hank" is now always on the job



Incidents That Have Pointed the Way—No. 9 of a Series

HENRY didn't show up at work one morning. That was unusual, for Henry had been so regular that the foreman had put "Hank" down as the one man he could count on.

Being so dependable, "Hank" had been given dependable work to do. His was an important job. Nobody else could do it just as it ought to be done.

The foreman made inquiry, but nobody knew why this man wasn't at his post.

Presently, the telephone in a little office jingled. The clerk answered. It was "Hank." "Tell the boss," he said, "I'm in a mess. Wife and kids sick. Nobody to look after them. I've got to stay home."

That simple message started the boss to thinking. He wondered how often men stayed home to take care of a sick wife or children. A check-up proved that family sickness, next to personal sickness, kept the worker at home oftener than any other reason.

Years ago the officials of The American Rolling Mill Company discussed this matter from every angle. They reasoned that it meant loss to the company when a man was off the job. Furthermore, it meant a loss to the man himself. And if there is ever a time a man can't afford to lose his wages, it is when there is sickness in the home. Finally, few men can cook, and wash, and take care of sick folks—that's a woman's job.

The outcome was the organization of a Personal Service Department, whose duty it is to maintain contact with workers' homes, and to render such service as is necessary in order that the wage earner may go to work confident that his sick ones are being well cared for.

Today, visiting nurses make the rounds, and many a Henry Jones goes to his work relieved in mind so that he can put into his work his best effort to the end that the product he helps to make will measure up to the high standard of his company.

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thing to do with the story, or is it more than a formal, meaningless piece, played before the curtain rises and while the audience are finding their seats and greeting one another. Here again Gluck led in reform. "My idea is," he said, "that the overture should indicate the subject and prepare the spectators for the character of the piece they are about to see." How magnificently his own "Iphigenia in Aulis" overture performs this function has been analyzed in detail by no less a master than Wagner, whose own overtures, such as those to "Lohengrin," "Tannhäuser," "Tristan and Isolde," and "Parsifal," especially, show to what potency it can be carried.

The work of Wagner's most direct precursor in this matter of orchestral expression deserves a word here. Carl Maria von Weber (1786–1826) was the first to show clearly the power of instrumental tone qualities to delineate, or at least to suggest, all sorts of objects and situations, that Wagner was afterwards to carry so far in passages like the Rhine music, the fire music, the Waldweben, the "Ride of the Valkyries." "At the moment when," says Riemann,[8] "after the first twenty-four measures of the overture to 'Der Freischutz,' with their horn sounds breathing the fragrance of the forests while the string orchestra suggests the murmuring of the leaves, the mysterious boding tones of the two clarinets are heard, the shuddering G and C strings of the violins and violas quiver, and the deep thuds of the kettle-drums and the pizzicati [plucked notes] of the basses arrest the beating of one's heart—then was the romantic opera born."

[8] "Geschichte der Musik seit Beethoven," p. 186.

Thus always do the great individual artists, tirelessly seeking the ideal of sincere and eloquent expression, ceaselessly combating the indifference, the inertia, the trivial conventionality of the herd, advance from age to age the cause of art. And since this is a process that takes time, that has to be slowly and laboriously divined even by genius, we observe that most of the greatest artists have matured slowly; their early works have usually been crude, and their entire life-work has often summed up in itself the wider evolution of art as a whole. Gluck did not begin his reforms until after fifty; Wagner, beginning with the noisy and conventional "Rienzi," finished with "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg" at fifty-four and "Parsifal" at sixty-nine; Verdi, who as a young man perpetrated the trivial though attractive "Trovatore" and "Traviata," achieved his masterpiece —"Otello"—at seventy-four and "Falstaff" at eighty!

In Wagner's case we see with especial clearness how the search for expression vitalizes the whole development. Wagner himself, who had a keen instinct for the value of names, recognized this when he called his later works, not "operas," but "music-dramas." The compound word suggests a compound thing—an art-form so far removed from the "concerts in costume" of conventional Italian opera that music and drama are in it conceived to be of equal importance, and Wagner even deprecated concert performance of his music as separating it from the action which was its reason for being. From music he demanded severe sacrifices. The chorus must not be heard except when it participated in the action. Set pieces like arias and duets, with their complete stops, break the dramatic verisimilitude, and he therefore substituted for them a continuous declamation which he called "infinite melody." The orchestra could suggest by definite melodies of its own, associated with definite characters or ideas (the famous Wagnerian "leading motives") developments of the drama, and was thus lifted out of the place of mere accompaniment into an essential part of Wagner's complex art. Finally, the old classic mythological stories were displaced as subjects by legends of Wagner's own forefathers in the Middle Ages; and as he was his own librettist, he could achieve a completeness of fusion between the dramatic and musical elements never attained before. In all these ways Wagner vitalized and humanized this art-form that so easily hardens into convention and stereotype. Through the invincible powers of emotional sincerity, intelligence, and the enormous technical skill generated through them, he securely dominates the whole modern operatic situation.

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The Book Table

Democracy and Leadership

Reviewed by HENRY W. BUNN

TO comprehend this book[1] requires the utmost effort of concentration, but the effort is richly rewarded; no greater compliment could be paid. It has to be said, however, that its chief merit is analytical and critical; on the constructive side it is far less satisfying. It is "a defense of the veto power" in the individual and in the State. The veto power in the individual must, according to the author, be exercised by the will; in the State, by the judiciary. In the United States the veto power of the State was by the Constitution vested supremely in the Supreme Court, which "more than any other institution embodies the higher or permanent self of the State."

"An ethical will that is felt as a power of control over the natural man and his expansive desires" is, asserts Mr. Babbitt, one of the "immediate data of consciousness." Character is developed in the degree that the intellect and imagination (in subordination thereto) co-operate with the will. Standards are thus created to which conduct is by the will constrained to conform. The author's view of the State is the organic one of Burke. "Just as man has a higher self that acts restrictively on his ordinary self, so the State should have a higher or permanent self, appropriately embodied in institutions, that should set bounds to its ordinary self as expressed by the popular will at any particular moment."

These are ancient doctrines. That of the primacy of the will was taught by Confucius, Buddha, Aristotle, Christ; that concerning the State was adumbrated by Aristotle, its greatest champion is Burke. That of the primacy of the will, clearly formulated, prevailed through the Christian centuries down to Hobbes; that concerning the State is indeed a corollary of the other, but was never clearly formulated before Burke. The latter was so formulated by Burke incidentally to his attack on Rousseau's "state of nature" and "rights of man." Both are hard doctrines, to be thoroughly understood by only a few, and their maintenance presupposes an aristocracy of merit and achievement; whence its leaders must be drawn if the State is to be preserved against the subversive encroachments of Equalitarian Democracy. The tendency of most modern philosophies—rationalistic, mechanistic, utilitarian, pragmatic, humanitarian, whatnot—has been to subvert those doctrines.

The book is mostly an attack on the subversive philosophies and their exponents; an attack vigorous, incisive, sometimes witty; but, as we have intimated, the author scarcely more than hints the methods by which his doctrines are to be restored to their former pride of place. We understand that he proposes to himself this constructive task in another book, which will be awaited eagerly. The best part of "Democracy and Leadership" is the final chapter, in which is vividly presented the struggle now in process in our country between constitutional democracy (our original Constitution is the most brilliant embodiment of the doctrine of the State championed by Burke, and most of the "founders" were in the tradition of the primacy of the will) and the motley array of its enemies, who consciously or unconsciously are warring for "direct democracy."

"Democracy and Leadership" displays immense learning, gallantly carried. It is a book of very great importance, the "lecture" whereof none can afford to omit.

[1] Democracy and Leadership. By Irving Babbitt. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $3.

The New Books

FICTION

ESCAPE. By Alden Brooks. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.

Dominique Prad, artist in soul, but too loyal to break away from the business to which, for family reasons, he finds himself committed, remains submissively enchained until the age of thirty-seven. Then, the business flourishing and his sisters well married, he feels himself entitled to release; but everybody protests, everything conspires to prevent. Only when

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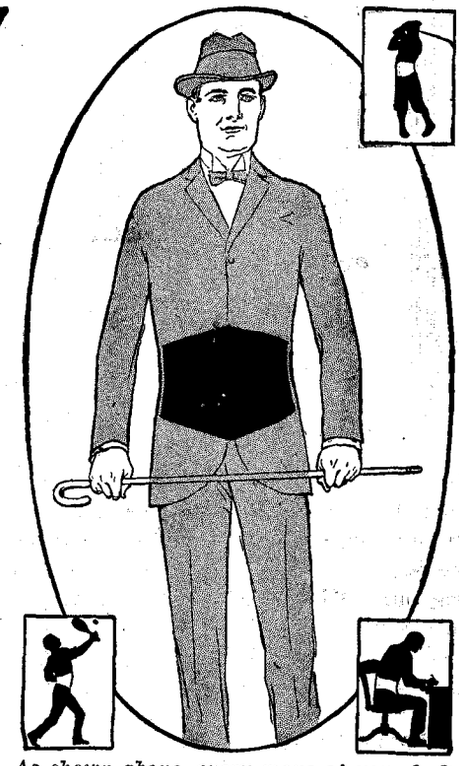

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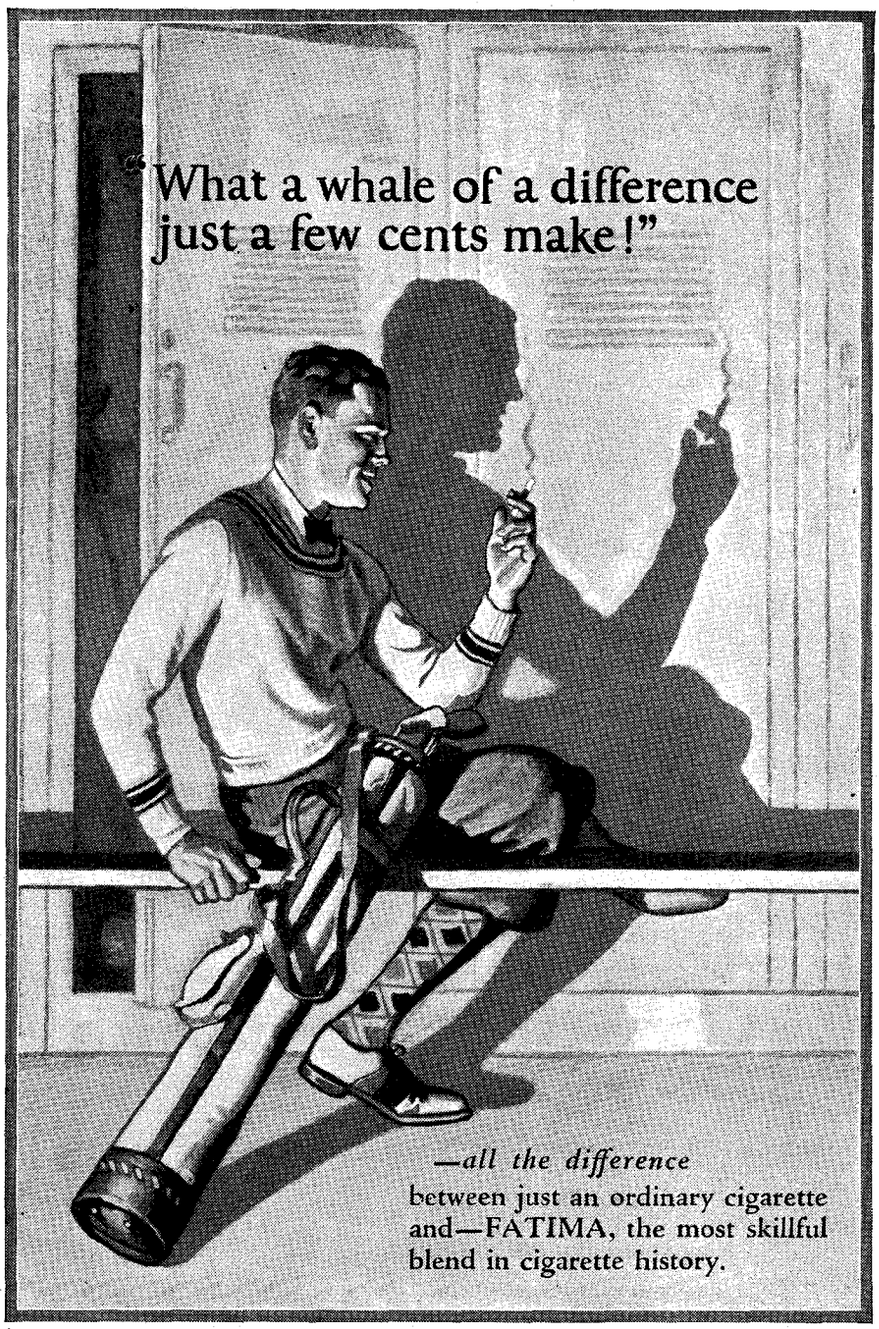

he breaks under the strain, nervously and mentally, does rebellious nature achieve what the sane and disciplined will could not, and he escapes from the business, from his sisters and their husbands, from his uninspiring Isabelle and her brother, from all the wearisome world that he has known. He escapes dramatically, absurdly, crazily, but he escapes; and the adventures begin which lead him by wandering ways, through long days of hiding and gliding in an old purloined boat along brooks and rivers and canals, with only a gypsy girl for comrade and protectress, to recovered sanity, freedom, and peace. His Silda is convincing, which most gypsies of fiction are not, and she is delightfully different from the usual, theatrically pantherish damsel with gold earrings and a flashing smile. The setting of their idyll among the waterways and little villages of France is charming, and charmingly portrayed. Mr. Brooks's style has a curious staccato quality which used less skillfully might easily seem affected or become irritating, but it somehow misses being either, and the reader's accustomed ear soon finds it the right and natural medium for the story. "Escape" is true romance.

HOW TO WRITE SHORT STORIES. With Samples. By Ring W. Lardner. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.

Humbly we own that perhaps we are a highbrow. The idea is distressing, but after reading Mr. Ring W. Lardner's short stories it cannot be thrust aside. We were not amused. Except for an occasional twitching smile, we found ourselves impervious. We have thought ourselves tolerant—nay, appreciative—of slang; we discovered ourselves hating it. We have never refused to admit that distorted grammar, spelling, and pronunciation may at times be hilariously diverting; we yearned for association with precisions in speech. We have considered that persons without culture or correct manners may yet be highly entertaining and companionable; we caught ourselves wondering when the next family birthday would be due, that we might relieve our feelings by the purchase of a Book of Etiquette. But we are patriotic, and we recognized that Mr. Lardner's book is one hundred per cent American. We hope it will have a large sale in England, where they admire American humor. They could not possibly understand it there, but they would be perfectly certain it was funny.

PAM AT FIFTY. By the Baroness Von Hutten. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.

Even the later middle age and matrimonial bondage of Pam and her Polish husband are not as disheartening a spectacle as they ought to be if our Younger Novelists are right. Alas! we fear only the middle-aged will recall the two earlier novels about this temperamental but nice lady "Pam" (1905) and "What Became of Pam" (1906). They were immensely popular in their day. Perhaps it is change of taste that makes the present book seem more sentimental and less like "life" than its predecessors did, nearly twenty years ago. This Pam is, within limits, an irrepressible wife and mother, as she was an irrepressible maiden. But there are limits—of taste and of conduct—which mark her as old-fashioned in comparison with the middle-aged vamp of current fashion or fiction. Her tendency, or fate, to mix in the difficulties (chiefly the love difficulties) of others puts her to various amusing tests in this group of tales. But Pam doesn't grow old very gracefully, and we look forward with some misgiving to a possible future record of "Pam as a Grandmother."

HOME-MAKER (THE). By Dorothy Canfield. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $2.

Dorothy Canfield in "The Home-Maker" presents the personal problem of Lester and Evangeline Knapp, and solves it. The solution is extraordinary, it is touched with tragedy, yet it restores the happiness and prosperity of a fine little family threatened with moral and material disaster. The story suggests, and is meant to suggest, that similar situations, though not precisely common, are by no means too rare to demand consideration; but for this wider problem the author has no drastic and immediate solution to offer. She can only indicate the need for an education and revision of public opinion that will make any task, worthy and

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honorable when performed by one sex, regarded as no less worthy and honorable when because of unusual circumstances or unusual aptitudes it is performed by the other. In "The Home-Maker" we have once more the married woman in business—but this time the reader need not brace himself for boredom—and also, and even more importantly, we have the man as the home-maker. He is inefficient in affairs, a discredited failure, but endowed with imagination, tenderness, patience, intuitive understanding, the combined father-and-mother quality that some men do possess and that makes them wonderful with children. The children—sensitive Helen; plain, good, ordinary Henry; and splendid little sullen, tempestuous Stephen—are no less interesting than their parents, and with them, where their too-efficient mother had failed, poor Lester beautifully succeeds. How it comes about that he obtains his chance to do so, and that Evangeline, loyal to the demands of the home but submitting to them as a creature enslaved, obtains hers to escape to her rightful field of effort outside it—that makes the story. It is a good story, and there are power, pathos, and beauty in the telling.

SAINT'S THEATRE (THE). By Horace Fish. Huebsch, Mitchell Kennerley, New York. $2.50.

Readers who are weary of the dismal pictures of life which occupy the pens of so many of our novelists will find an entire change of scene, subject, and point of view in this story of modern Spanish village life. The *mise-en-scène* is drenched with sunshine; the actors are a peasant community, shrewd, religious, contented; the heroine is a young girl of saintly piety upon whom Heaven has bestowed the gift of healing. Mr. Theodore Dreiser would turn scornfully from such a theme. To his mind, the life of "Sister Carrie" is far better worth describing. Her supposed parents having drunk themselves to death, Teresita disappears for a year, during which time she dwells alone on the mountain, leading, under the protection of St. Teresa, the contemplative life that wins for her the supernatural gift of healing, a gift that finally merges itself into a more normal sentiment. The book is somewhat over-written, the author indulging in a redundancy of phrase that sometimes obscures his meaning, but it is full of color; though the stage is small, it is filled with characters, and the description of the pageant arranged by the villagers to celebrate their beloved priest's birthday is most amusing.

It might be worth while to compare this book with the much-discussed "Main Street." Both are chronicles of a small, self-contained community, but here the resemblance ceases. From the dull smugness of the one, with its self-satisfied "progressiveness," we turn to the simple, uneducated, contented life of the little Spanish village with a feeling that perhaps the "advanced" are not always the ones to be envied.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

MAKING OF A MOUNTAINEER (THE). By G. I. Finch. Arrowsmith, London. 30 shillings.

These climbs and adventures amid storms and avalanches in the Alps and Himalayas will delight the heart of every mountaineer, and there are many thrills for the ordinary reader. Striking views by the author give one a fair idea of the difficulty and interest of the climbs.

As a boy Mr. Finch was fortunate in having a father who believed his sons should be encouraged to enjoy the out-of-doors, and they had early opportunity to climb with competent guides. Soon they learned to rely on their own resources and to profit by each new adventure. To vary their Alpine ascents, they visited

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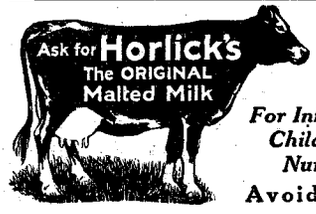

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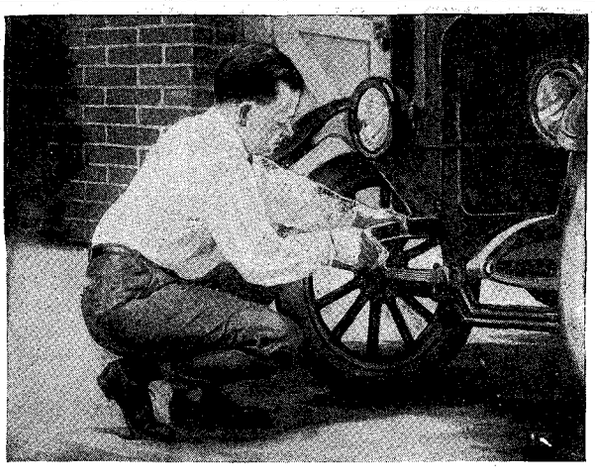

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All this prepared Mr. Finch for his splendid work on the Mount Everest expedition of 1922. In spite of the greatest hardships from cold and storm which held him with two companions for two nights and a day in camp at 25,500 feet, he succeeded in reaching with one companion the record height of 27,235 feet.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

HOWELLS, JAMES, BRYANT, AND OTHER ESSAYS. By William Lyon Phelps. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

The first essay in William Lyon Phelps's new volume is that on Bryant. No good American expecting pleasant dreams would, we feel sure, venture to lie down and wrap the drapery of his couch about him after speaking disrespectfully of "Thanatopsis." Professor Phelps, it is true, thoroughly explodes the popular myth that the poem was a product of precocious juvenility: Bryant was twenty-three when it was first published, with neither the present opening passage nor the famous concluding one, and twenty-seven when it appeared in its final form. But, having thus put it in its proper place chronologically, Professor Phelps is able from his own experience to award an interesting tribute to the influence of this finest achievement of the Father of American Poetry.

"In the year 1908," he says, "when I first saw the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, I happened to be talking with the fireman of the locomotive which made several trips daily between Williams and the Canyon. I told him how overwhelmingly impressed I had been, and asked him if daily familiarity made the chasm lose its power. Was it also to him a sublime spectacle, or just an incident in the day's work? 'Do you want to know how I feel about it?' said he. And then he repeated the whole of 'Thanatopsis'! He had not only learned the poem by heart but applied its teaching daily in the contemplation of majestic scenery. I suppose some underpaid school-teacher had taught him that poem in his childhood, and this was her reward."

The "Other Essays" comprised in the book besides those named in the title treat of Whitman, Thoreau, Lowell, and Harriet Beecher Stowe. All are interesting and suggestive.

SCIENCE

SCIENCE, OLD AND NEW. By J. Arthur Thomson. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $3.50.

"Ants and Plants," "Insect Musicians," "Mothering Among Animals," "Bacteria and Luminescence," "How the Elephant Got Its Trunk," "The New Natural History"—these are the titles of some of the fifty-two chapters of the latest book by the author of the notable "Outline of Science." Instead of attempting to cover the subject of biology in a systematic text, a number of arresting topics are selected and discussed in the light of recent advances. The studies have mainly to do with natural history, biology, evolution, and the present outlook of man. Perhaps one should have had just a smattering of nature study in order fully to appreciate this good book, but any one who has not will find it full of interest and romance. It is inspirational, unconsciously, about nature, but it has sacrificed none of its authenticity to this quality.

Books Received

FICTION

FIGURE IN THE SAND (THE). By Jaqueline Ambler Caskie. American Library Service, New York. $1.75.

LIGHTS ALONG THE LEDGES. By Elizabeth Stancy Payne. The Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia.

SAHTAKI AND I. By James Willard Schultz. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.65.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

STORIES OF THE FIRST PIONEERS IN PALESTINE. By Hannah Trager. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

THROUGH CENTRAL FRANCE TO THE PYRENEES. By Maud Speed. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $3.50.

WEMBLEY IN COLOUR. By Donald Maxwell. Longmans, Green & Co., London, England. 21 shillings.

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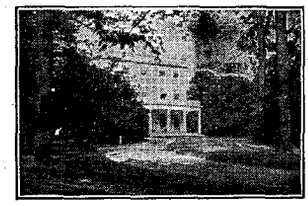

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Madison Sanitarium, Madison, N. J. For the medical care and treatment of the nervous, semi-invalid, aged, and convalescent. Home atmosphere. Rates moderate. Booklet.

Real Estate

New York

Unusual Opportunity
to locate club, school, or sanitarium, on beautiful property in the foothills of the Adirondacks, seven hours from New York. Fine buildings, with spring water and electricity. Address 2,649, Outlook.

New Hampshire

Back-to-Nature The perfect summer cottage.
Picturesque and charming location in the pines on beautiful lake in New Hampshire. Secluded, quiet, restful and healthful. Attractive, artistic cottage, 6 rooms, hardwood floors and large piazza. Beautiful view. Address R. HAMILTON, Concord, N. H.

Arizona

ARIZONA CATTLE RANCH
Ranch house for rent for winter, $125 per month. Unusually beautiful location between plain and mountains. 2 hours from Tucson, Ariz. Horses available. Address T. M. Peters, Tucson, Ariz., or A.R. Peters, Oyster Bay, N.Y.

Vermont

For Sale. A *charming cottage at Woodstock,* Vt. About 2 acres of ground—orchard and garden, within 5 minutes walk of Woodstock Inn, the golf links, library and post office. Every modern convenience. Hardwood floors throughout. *Price $9,000.* Apply to George Hannah, Woodstock, Vt., or your own broker.

Bermuda

BERMUDA FOR RENT, owner's furnished residence, fifteen rooms, modern conveniences, exquisite views, near ferry and golf course. Dr. A. H. FRITH, *Bermuda. Also cottage five rooms.*

Maine

BOYS' CAMP SITE 100 acres, woods, fields, ½ mile lake frontage, farm buildings. Price $3,000. Maine Lakes & Coast Co., Portland, Maine.

Live Stock

The World's Largest Dog Kennels
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Let me sell your slightly used gowns, suits, wraps, and children's clothing on commission. More satisfactory than to sell for cash. MAY A. SHANNON, Wakefield, R. I.

Old-Fashioned Cider Apple Sauce; also Pasteurized Sweet Cider. Direct from farm. Sealed sweet keeps sweet. Circulars and prices. Lee o' the Mountain, Wilton, N. Y.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCIES

CO-OPERATIVE PLACEMENT SERVICE. Institutional executives, secretaries, social workers. Housekeepers, dietitians, cafeteria managers. Governesses, companions, mothers' helpers. The Richards Bureau, 68 Barnes St., Providence.

HELP WANTED

Business Situations

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. *Nation-wide demand for high-salaried men and women.* Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, interesting work, quick advancement, permanent. Write for free book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Suite D 5842, Washington, D. C.

WOMAN—*Publishing house has permanent* sales position to offer woman of keen intelligence, capable of earning $100 per week; previous business experience not necessary; education, refinement and determination to put through whatever you undertake essential for success; traveling required; all transportation paid; liberal drawing account and commission basis. Write, stating age and qualifications to B. E. Sparrow, 50 West 47th St., New York City.

YOU HAVE FRIENDS who would be glad to buy inexpensive and original Hand Made dresses for little girls. Have you time to show ours? No investment required. Box 156, Davenport, Ia.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

A family group, Protestants, man, wife, and daughter, or mother and two daughters, as cook, waitress (or butler), chambermaid. To run house for elderly couple and daughter; will occupy separate wing of house, with *living-room, four bedrooms,* and bath. Must give full particulars of experience and exceptional references, and ask any questions desired. P. O. Box 33, Auburndale, Mass.

WANTED—matron-housekeeper for well-known institution. Middle-aged woman preferred, experienced in running kitchen and dining-room, with understanding of young people. One who will command respect and *give counsel when needed. 5,396, Outlook.*

MIDDLE-aged woman as working housekeeper for teacher and elderly father. Small pay, but comfort and independence of an attractive suburban home assured. Miss Ferry, 1 Hicks Place, Flushing, New York.

HOUSEKEEPER, working, where two servants are kept, white, active, capable of responsibility, about 40, must be good cook, clean, neat, no laundry, small family, $85. Answer stating age, experience, religion. References essential. P. O. Box 128, Princeton, N. J.

CHILDREN'S nurse or nursery governess, for the three youngest in family of five children. Suburbs, desirable location. State salary or experience. P.O. Box 822, Reading, Pa.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Business Situations

POSITION wanted October first by colored man of character and ability. Excellent references. Would take entire charge of dining room and pantry in small club, exclusive private school or inn catering to refined clientele. Can be interviewed in New York. Any reasonable remuneration commensurate with proven ability accepted. 5,353, Outlook.

CARETAKER, country estate. Experienced, reliable man. 5,403, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED librarian wishes to cata*logue private libraries, or would accept position* in reference department of a library in New England. Miss S. J. Jewett, South Berwick, Me.

WANTED, by large organization of Protestant women, social worker among delinquent girls. Good salary. Opportunity to establish a wonderful work in the civic and religious life of the community. Address *Mrs. James H. Fuller, 1518 Wyoming Ave.,* Scranton, Pa.

FORMER directress of business women's club house desires some executive position. 5,408, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

LADY desires position as companion to lady or any position of trust. References furnished. 5,377, Outlook.

LADY wishes position as companion or housekeeper in small private family. Middle-aged, cheerful, capable, Protestant, American. *Country or city. 5,375, Outlook.*

NURSERY governess, household assistant, experienced American Protestant, good seamstress, desires position. 5,376, Outlook.

WANTED, by refined, educated, Protestant man and wife, position as caretaker of estate. Reason, a great need of change of environment. Best references given. Prefer personal interview with any party interested. Prefer Massachusetts, southern New England, or New York. 5,383, Outlook.

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SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

POSITION as preceptress or matron. 5,373, Outlook.

MOUNT Holyoke graduate, 45, position as companion. 5,369, Outlook.

YOUNG woman of experience as managing housekeeper, hostess, companion, chaperon to older children, wishes permanent position of trust. Speaking knowledge of French and German. References exchanged. Address Protestant, 65 Plymouth St., Montclair, N. J. Telephone Montclair 8159.

HOUSEKEEPER-companion where maid is kept. City or country. Experience. 5,402, Outlook.

LADY experienced in all kinds of institution work desires position as head of girls' school or institution. 5,401, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as useful companion to lady. 5,392, Outlook.

REFINED young Belgian lady wishes to act as companion, preference to lady going South or California for winter months. Good linguist, best references. Interview if not too far from New York. 5,395, Outlook.

COMPANION to elderly lady, by daughter of clergyman. Experienced in house management, secretarial work. Reference Bishop A. C. A. Hall, Burlington, Vt. 5,400, Outlook.

COLLEGE graduate, experienced girls' private school, college and camp physical director desires resident position as assistant to school executive or other non-teaching position, or companion or chaperon in private family. Experienced traveler. Best references. 5,399, Outlook.

CLERGYMAN'S widow wishes position as helper or companion in real home. Small compensation. Will go anywhere, South preferred. 5,398, Outlook.

COMPANION.—A capable woman of refinement and adaptability wishes position. Will travel. 5,394, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as companion with someone going South. Reference. 5,386, Outlook.

NURSE, trained, wishes position as companion to lady or gentleman, or care of child going South or West. References furnished. 5,389, Outook.

TRAVEL.—College woman, ten years' experience with small children, four years in business, desires position (children's companion, secretary, or other) taking her abroad. 5,406, Outlook.

REFINED, cultured lady, as companion and helper to middle-aged or elderly lady. References exchanged. Address Mrs. J. Parsons, 2 Oval Court, Bronxville, N. Y.

WOMAN of refinement, social experience, traveled, desires position as hostess or manager of home, club, or school. Experienced and successful with young people. Highest credentials as to character and personality. 5,409, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

KINDERGARTEN graduate desires position as governess in small family. 5,380, Outlook.

LADY used to arranging flowers in tearoom, also teaches motor mental rhythmics for children and adults, wishes position near N. Y. C. Prefer country. References. 5,378, Outlook.

POSITION as governess, girl of school age. 5,393, Outlook.

BIOLOGICAL Science graduate desires position in high school or college. Experienced young woman. Referesces. Box 538, Salem, W. Va.

WANTED—Position as governess; experienced teacher, Scotch lady, traveled, speaking knowledge of French. Excellent references. 5,405, Outlook.

STATIONERY

MOST desirable printed stationery for personal use. Your name and address on 200 fine quality bond note sheets and 100 envelopes for $1, postpaid east of Denver; elsewhere, $1.15. Folded sheet style, $1.50. Record Press, Box 127, Cedar Falls, Iowa.

WRITE for free samples of embossed at $2 or printed stationery at $1.50 per box. Thousands of Outlook customers. Lewis, stationer, Troy, N. Y.

PERSONAL STATIONERY—200 single or 100 double sheets, 100 envelopes, printed in dark blue on good bond paper, $1. Frank B. Hicks, Macedon Center, N. Y.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

WOMAN of refinement desires to chaperon two young girls in her exclusive Park Avenue apartment for the winter. Operas, lectures, and educational advantages if desired. References exchanged. 5,341, Outlook.

PRACTICAL nurse will board, room, care for semi-invalid or elderly lady in her own home in New Jersey. 5,388, Outlook.

SHOPPING by New York expert who will send things, services free. References. Hattie Guthman, 309 West 99th St.

STUDENTS join THE HOBBY CLUB, INC. Study hobbies only—send stamps for information. P. O. Box 982, Los Angeles, Cal.

WANTED — Girls, by State accredited nurses' training schools. Free board, room, tuition. Cash allowance paid. For catalogs write FREE BUREAU OF ALL SCHOOLS, 1101 Times Bldg., New York.

By the Way

THE editor of the Omaha "Bee" knows something about pitching hay. He has been on that job himself. He raps a brother editor of less knowledge, who finds fault with a certain famous hay-pitcher, thus:

"Farmers will notice," says a critic, "that Cal does not take a very big forkful." We hope they do. . . . Experience gained many, many years ago justifies us in indorsing the Coolidge forkful. A big, husky man would pitch a huge bundle of hay every time he lifted his fork, while the small, wiry man was content with lifting half the amount. But long before the day was over, as a rule, the big man would be resting and lifting less at a time, while the little fellow was going on at the same gait he started with. In the end the man who had lifted the smaller quantity but kept at it steadier would be found to have moved the most hay in the course of the day. . . . Coolidge may take a small forkful at a time, but he keeps right on pitching hay, and the farmer will judge him in the end by the day's work, not by the first move he made in the morning.

From "Liberty:"

"Well, Nancy," said Uncle John, who had just come on a visit, "come and take a walk with me and show me your town."

"Alwight," agreed Nancy; "we has two ice-cream parlors—I specks you want to see them first, don't you?"

"Speaking of Scotch humor," a reader of this column says, "I venture to recall to you this story told by Ian Maclaren (the Rev. John Watson), himself a Scotchman, in one of his lectures:

"In a dull Scottish village, on a dull morning, one neighbor called at another's house. He was met at the door by his friend's wife, and the conversation which ensued went thus: 'Cauld?' 'Ay.' 'Guan to be weety (rainy), I'm thinkin'.' 'Ay.' 'Is John in?' 'Ou, ay! he's in.' 'Can I see him?' 'Na.' 'But a wanted tae see him.' 'Ay, but ye canna see him. John's deid.' 'Deid?' 'Ay.' 'Sudden?' 'Ay.' 'Verra sudden?' 'Ay, verra sudden.' 'Did he say onything about a pot o' green pent afore he deid?' "

There was once, writes one of our contributors, Mr. Willis Thornton, a quaint belief in America that a person was distinguished according to his own deeds and his own life. This curious relic of a more elementary civilization is happily passing. It is now generally recognized here, as in Europe, that pre-eminence is simply a matter of having the right parents, and that distinction descends even unto the third and fourth generations. With this principle in view, why not start a sufficient number of new organizations with a historical background, so that virtually every one will be eligible?

For instance:

Sons of the Four-Minute Men.

Descendants of Retired American Bootleggers.

Daughters of Women Who Knitted Socks During the Great War.

Grandsons of the American Protective League.

Daughters of the Heroic Women of 1924 Who Did Not Bob Their Hair.

Descendants of the Disciples of Judge Lynch.

Sons of Second Cousins by Marriage of Those Who Saw the Dempsey-Firpo Fight.

From "Tit-Bits:"

"Yes," said Mrs. O'Hallagan, "it was two o'clock the following morning when you came home the other night, and it was half-past two the next morning when you came home last night. But I'm telling you, if it's two o'clock in the morning when you come home to-night, or any other night the next morning, you'll have to get up and let yourself in!"

From the Knightstown (Indiana) "Banner:"

At Grade Crossings: Say it with brakes—and save the flowers.

A writer in the London "Times" quotes from the "Agony Column:"

A sufferer from his first attack of GOUT desires to THANK his numerous FRIENDS for their exceedingly kind, if somewhat hilarious, INQUIRIES, which have been too numerous to answer personally.

This recalls to the "Times" the story that some of the company waxed "somewhat hilarious" when, at a public dinner, Charles Dickens as chairman announced that, owing to a severe cold, Mr. Sims Reeves could not keep his promise to sing. Dickens snubbed them by repeating his statement with the variation, "owing to a severe and highly amusing cold."

From "Wittenberg Witt:"

Liddle Sammy—"Faffer, vas your beebles vell to do?"

Big Sammy—"No, but mein gosh, dey vas hard to do."

Answer to riddle in last week's By the Way: An old shoe.

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